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*The Round World  
and They that Dwell Therein*

Church Missionary Society









# THE ROUND WORLD, AND THEY THAT DWELL THEREIN.

(Ps. xcvi. 8, P.-B.V.)

2<sup>61</sup>  
36<sup>2</sup>

*NEW SERIES OF "THE CHILDREN'S WORLD."*

VOL. III., 1903.

(BEING THE SIXTY-FIRST VOLUME FROM THE BEGINNING.)

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

London:  
CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, SALISBURY SQUARE.

AND OF ALL BOOKSELLERS.

1903.

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# CONTENTS.

## SERIAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

	PAGE
THE EDITOR'S NOTES ... ..	2, 26, 38, 57, 75, 99, 114, 147, 166
THE STORY OF THE DAYS. By the Rev. A. E. Richardson ... ..	6, 22, 35, 54, 65, 90, 102, 118
BLACK BABIES. By Mrs. McKay ... ..	13, 29, 46, 61, 77, 92
COMPETITIONS, &c. 15, 16, 32, 47, 64, 80, 95, 96, 112, 128, 144, 159, 160, 176, 186, 187, 188	
REQUESTS FOR PRAISE AND PRAYER 16, 32, 48, 64, 80, 96, 112, 128, 143, 160, 176, 188	
PAKHOL PICTURES. By Mrs. Horder ... ..	84, 104, 115, 139, 152, 163
LEARNING TO WALK. By W. ... ..	98, 119, 130, 146, 167, 178
ON THE ROAD AGAIN IN PERSIA. By the Rev. C. H. Stileman ... ..	132, 148, 168, 179

## OCCASIONAL CONTRIBUTIONS.

### AFRICA.

A Writing School in Toro. By Miss A. E. Allen ... ..	11
The Lightning God. Letter from Mr. A. B. Lloyd ... ..	34
The Uganda Industrial Mission. By Mr. K. Borup ... ..	39
Schoolboys in Mengo. By Mr. C. W. Hattersley ... ..	70
Far Off in Taita. By Mrs. Wray ... ..	81
Burdens, Brides, and Beads. By Miss E. R. Spriggs ... ..	88
Prizes in Uganda. By Miss H. M. Turnbull ... ..	94
Riding a "Cow" By Mr. A. E. Mitchell ... ..	109
An African Boy's Difficulties ... ..	126
About the Warabai. By Miss F. I. Deed ... ..	131
School-children of Sagalla. By Miss A. Drake ... ..	171
Two Sick Lads. By Miss E. M. Brewer ... ..	174
In the Land of the "Mountains of the Moon." By the Rev. T. B. Johnson ... ..	184

### EGYPT.

Cairo School-girls ... ..	129
---------------------------	-----

### INDIA AND CEYLON.

An Indian Messenger. By Mr. P. H. Shaul ... ..	28
Tigers, Leopards, Alligators, Tortoises. By the Rev. E. D. Price ... ..	31
A Bengali Athletic Champion. Letter from the Rev. C. B. Clarke ... ..	33
At School in South India. By Mrs. Kember ... ..	42
In Christ Church School, Calcutta. By Miss H. J. Neele ... ..	59

A Little Traveller. By Mrs. Arthur Lankester ... ..	67
Inside an <i>Ekka</i> . By Miss E. M. F. Major ... ..	75
The Indian Cow-herd. By Mr. P. H. Shaul ... ..	92
A Joyous Picture. By the Rev. E. D. Price ... ..	93
"Thank You." A Letter from Mrs. Jackson ... ..	107
In Sunny Ceylon. By the Rev. R. W. Ryde ... ..	121
Christian Schools for Heathen Children. By Mrs. Kember ... ..	122
The Annual Prize-giving at Ratnapur By Mr. P. H. Shaul ... ..	123
Pictures from Poona. By the Rev. R. S. Heywood ... ..	135
Something about Elephants. By K. M. R. Sarah Tucker College "Babies." By Miss M. L. Pawson ... ..	162
The Meerut Cricket Team. By Mrs. Hall ... ..	167
Our Holiday. By Miss M. H. Laurence ... ..	175
"Fatima," a little Mohammedan Girl. By Miss Major ... ..	177
Tinnevely Boarding-schools. By Mrs. Kember ... ..	183

### CHINA AND JAPAN.

A Mountain Chair. By Miss M. Turnbull ... ..	1
Silkworms in Japan. By a Missionary ... ..	3
Pictures from Hing-hwa. By Mrs. Van Someren Taylor ... ..	7
The Chinese Boy and his Education. By the Rev. W. Light ... ..	17
Street Scenes in China. By Miss M. Turnbull ... ..	19
The Sunday-school in Otaru. By Mrs. Niven ... ..	24

<b>Safe in the Fold.</b> By Miss A. F. Forge...	49
<b>A Visit in Sunrise Land.</b> By Miss E. Ritson ... ..	51
<b>What do Chinese Eat?</b> By the Rev. W. Light ... ..	55
<b>A Little Missionary.</b> By a Lady Missionary in Japan ... ..	74
<b>Babies of the Victoria Home, Kowloon.</b> By Miss K. Hamper ... ..	97
<b>About Taoism.</b> By Miss E. Onyon ... ..	100
<b>House-boat Travelling in China.</b> By Miss E. Onyon ... ..	113
<b>Babies in Japan.</b> By Mrs. Niven ... ..	125
<b>A Baby Missionary.</b> From a Lady Missionary ... ..	134
<b>Christmas at Shanghai.</b> By Mrs. Hope Gill ... ..	138
<b>Without Feet.</b> By Miss E. Onyon ... ..	145
<b>Tiger-hunting</b> ... ..	147
<b>Feasting in Kien-ning City.</b> Letter from Mrs. H. S. Phillips ... ..	150
<b>Answer to Prayer.</b> By Miss M. J. Oxlad ... ..	154
<b>American Fellow-Workers.</b> Letter from Mrs. Hope Gill ... ..	155
<b>Hina Matsuri: The Doll Festival in Japan.</b> By Miss Ritson ... ..	156
<b>Topsy-Turvy China.</b> Letter from the Rev. Dr. M. Mackenzie ... ..	158
<b>In a Shanghai Day-school.</b> By Miss Onyon ... ..	172

## NORTH-WEST CANADA.

Football with the Eskimo.	Letter from		
Mr. E. W. Greenshield...	...	...	31

### MISCELLANEOUS.

What about Yourself? By the Rev. R.	
Callender ... ..	10
Children at Work. By W. J. L. S. ...	14
A Letter to Competitors. From The	
Examiner ... ..	15
Others. By the Rev. R. Callender ...	19
Where there's a Will there's a Way. By	
C. Paton ... ..	27
The Master's Command—"Pray." By	
the Rev. R. Callender ... ..	38
The Master's Longing—"Go." By the	
Rev. R. Callender ... ..	58
The Doctor's Little Daughter. By Irene	
H. Barnes ... ..	62
Life from the Dead. By the Rev. R.	
Callender ... ..	69
Among the Children ... ..	78
Our Anniversary. By E. W. ... ..	82
The Crowning of the King. By the Rev.	
R. Callender ... ..	86
Doctors' Doings. By E. W. ... ..	87
For Christ's Sake. A True Story ... ..	183
Wanted! One Million Shillings ... ..	187

**THE SOWERS' BAND.**

Reports, Notes, &c.	14, 47, 78, 95, 127, 143,	175
New Local Bands	15, 30, 47, 64, 78, 95, 112,	128, 176
Letters from the Sowers' "Own Mission-ary"	... ..	30, 142
Annual Report for 1902-03	... ..	110

## POETRY.

"One Story is there Sweeter." (With Music.)	By Kate Shirley Plant	...	...	...	...	79
A Little Yellow Boy.	By James Blundy	...	...	...	...	146
"In the Morning Sow thy Seed."	By Frances Stratton	...	...	...	...	158
A Christmas Song.	By Meriel F. Willmot	...	...	...	...	182

## ILLUSTRATIONS.

## AFRICA.

AFRICA.		King Daudi Cwa at Lessons	...	...	72
Feeding a Yoruba Baby	... ..	13	Mr. C. W. Hattersley in Bible-class,		
Yoruba Woman carrying Child	... ..	29	Mengo	... ..	73
Shango's Club	... ..	36	King Daudi Cwa ready to receive Visitors		73
Group of People in the Yoruba Country...		37	God of Twins	... ..	77
In the Carpenters' Shop, Mengo...	... ..	40	Patients outside the Mission Dispensary,		
Carpenters at Work, Mengo	... ..	41	Oshogbo	... ..	77
Boys of the Industrial Mission, Mengo	... ..	41	A Mission Camp, East Africa	... ..	81
Facsimile of a Letter from King Daudi of Uganda	... ..	71	Children at Work, Mamboia	... ..	88
Boys' Infant Reading-class, Mengo	... ..	72	A G d's Hou-e, Mamboia	... ..	89
			A Br de, Mamboia	... ..	89
			African Dolls	... ..	93

	PAGE
A Missionary on his "Cow" ... ..	109
East African School-children ... ..	172
A Charm from Toro ... ..	185
On the Albert Edward Nyanza ... ..	185
A War-canoe ... ..	185
Boatsmen, Decayed War-canoe, and Spirit-house ... ..	185

## EGYPT, PALESTINE, AND PERSIA.

Travelling in the Soudan ... ..	57
Patients at Acca Hospital, Palestine ... ..	65
Girls of the Boarding-school, Cairo ... ..	129
A Caravan on the Road, Persia ... ..	132
A Caravanserai, Persia ... ..	133
Armenian Mother and Two Children ... ..	133
Tomb of Esther and Mordecai, Hamadan ... ..	148
Inscription of Darius, near Hamadan ... ..	149
Ancient Stone Lion, Hamadan ... ..	149
River Scene between Resht and Enzelli ... ..	169
Old Lighthouse, Enzelli ... ..	169
Flat-bottomed Boats, Enzelli ... ..	169
Our "Fourgon," Persia ... ..	180
A Broken Carriage ... ..	180
Between Teheran and Ispahan ... ..	180
A Rest by the Wayside ... ..	181
At Sinsin ... ..	181
Bridge over River between Ispahan and Julfa ... ..	181

## INDIA AND CEYLON.

A "Peon" or Messenger ... ..	28
An Indian Champion High-jumper ... ..	33
A Class in the Palamcottah Girls' School ... ..	44
Occupation Group, Palamcottah ... ..	44
Indian School-girls plaiting a Maypole, Madras ... ..	45
An Indian Kindergarten Class ... ..	60
A Euclid Lesson ... ..	61
A Blind Man with his Son ... ..	68
A Pathan Baby in its Cradle ... ..	68
A Pathan Baby in Swaddling-clothes ... ..	69
A Patient at Peshawar Hospital ... ..	69
Bullock-cart with curtained sides ... ..	76
An Indian Herdsman ... ..	92
Mission Bungalow and Compound, Taljehari ... ..	108
Low-country Houses with Singhalese Men and Women ... ..	120
Climbing a Cocoa-nut Palm, Ceylon ... ..	121
Annual Prize-giving at Ratnapur ... ..	124
An Idol Shrine ... ..	136
A Language Teacher and some of his Relatives ... ..	136
Indian Party ready to give a "Kirtan" ... ..	137
Elephant moving Timber ... ..	161
High School Cricket Team, Meerut ... ..	168
Little "Fatima" ... ..	177
Two Little Gardeners, South India ... ..	184

## CHINA AND JAPAN.

	PAGE
Travelling in a Mountain Chair ... ..	1
Preparing Meal for Silk-worms ... ..	4
Going for Mulberry-canoe ... ..	4
Spinning Silk ... ..	5
Planting-out Rice ... ..	8
Blind Children by Widow's Arch ... ..	8
A Heathen Temple ... ..	9
Street in Hing-hwa ... ..	9
Chinese Examination Halls ... ..	17
Chinese Food-shop ... ..	20
Chinese Street Barber at Work ... ..	21
Japanese Clogs ... ..	24
Otaru Sunday-school Children ... ..	25
Children at a Sunday Afternoon Service, Hing-hwa ... ..	49
Paying a Call in Japan ... ..	52
Preparing Food, Japan ... ..	53
Japanese Lady Writing ... ..	53
Drying String "Mieng," China ... ..	56
Daughter of Hospital Assistant, Pakhoi ... ..	84
Yau Mong, Blind Evangelist, Pakhoi ... ..	84
Entrance to Pakhoi Hospital ... ..	85
Babies in the Victoria Home, Kowloon ... ..	97
A Travelling Taoist Priest ... ..	100
A Taoist Altar in a Chinese House ... ..	101
Leper Girls at School, Pakhoi ... ..	104
Lepers receiving their Daily Tonic, Pakhoi ... ..	104
Leper Schoolroom and Bedroom, Pakhoi ... ..	105
Wong-Tsoi and her Doll ... ..	105
A House-boat on a Chinese Canal ... ..	113
Preparing for the Feast, Pakhoi ... ..	116
Leper Women at their New Year's Feast, Pakhoi ... ..	117
The Leper Girls' Table, Pakhoi ... ..	117
Babies in Japan ... ..	125
Boys in the Boarding-school, Pakhoi ... ..	140
Captain Lai, a Military Mandarin ... ..	140
Our Postman, Pakhoi ... ..	141
Boys playing with a Toy Dragon, Pakhoi ... ..	141
Lan Yung ... ..	145
Cutting out Clothes, Pakhoi ... ..	152
Elder Girl shaving a Girl's Head, Pakhoi ... ..	152
Girls making Cakes, Pakhoi ... ..	153
Japanese Toy-shop at Dolls' Festival Time ... ..	156
Entrance to a Japanese Temple ... ..	157
A-Kwong with her Mother and Brother ... ..	164
A-Kwong and her Husband, Pakhoi ... ..	164
Little Waifs and Castaways, Pakhoi ... ..	165
Two Little Waifs, Pakhoi ... ..	165
C.M.S. Day-school, Shanghai, 1901 ... ..	173

## MISCELLANEOUS.

Facsimile of a Collecting Envelope ... ..	4
Specimen Scripture Clock ... ..	6
The God "Ihor" ... ..	6
Section of the One-Hundred-Shilling Sheet ... ..	137

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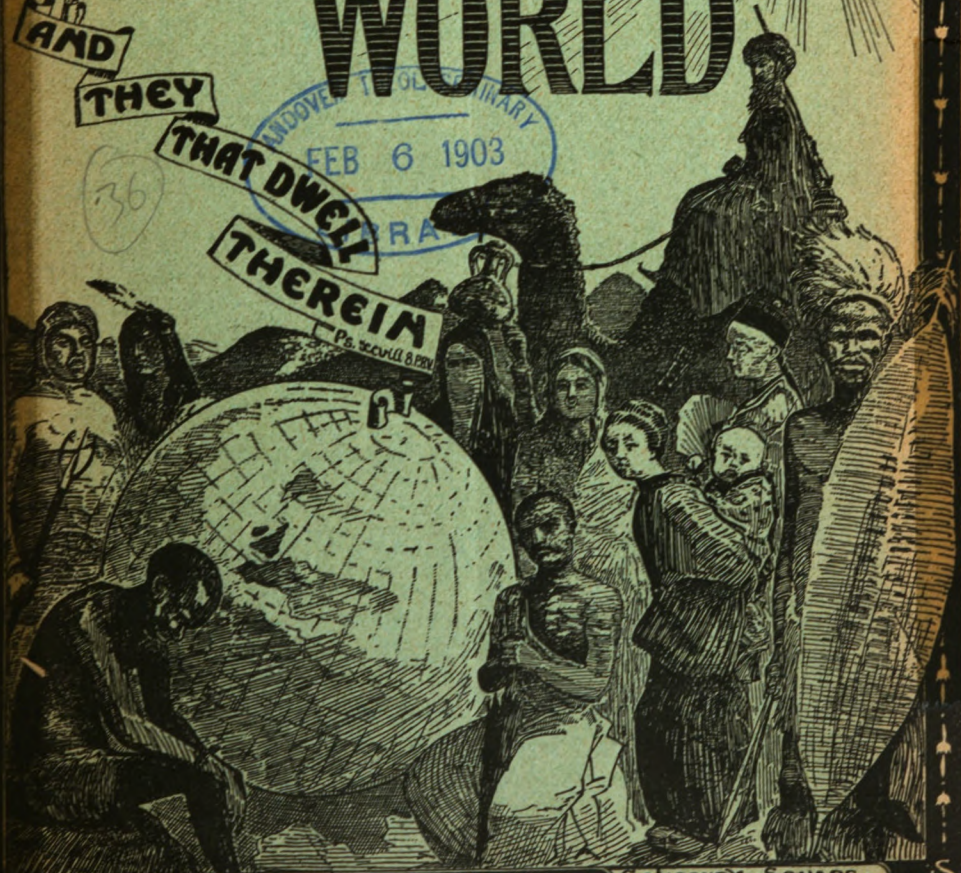
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# The ROUND WORLD

and They that Dwell  
Therein.

## A Mountain-Chair.

BY MISS M. TURNBULL.

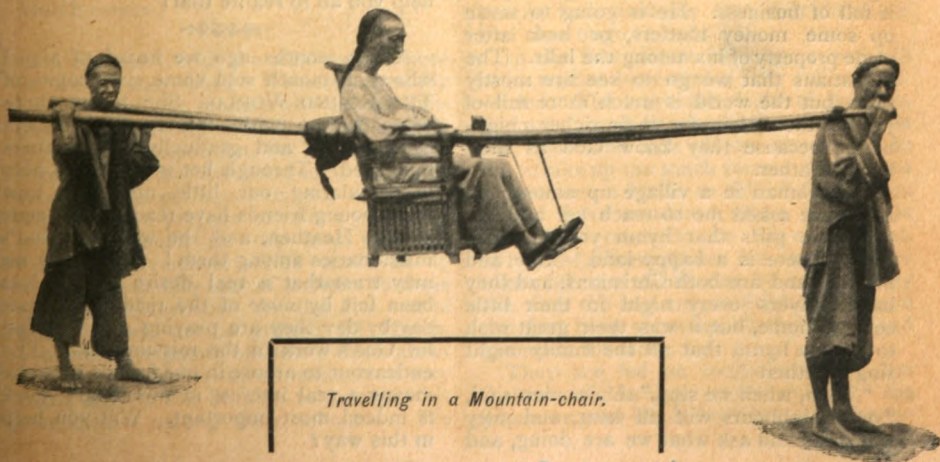


YOU promised to write something for the children's paper before you went to China, and I have looked in THE ROUND WORLD every month for six years and you never have." This is what was said to me by one reader of THE ROUND WORLD when I got back to England, and of course I have been feeling very guilty ever since, and as if I

ought to make haste and redeem my promise, which I am sorry to say I had quite forgotten.

What to write about has been the question in my mind, but your kind Editor has helped me over this difficulty by sending me some pictures to tell you about.

This month I will write on this picture, which shows a mountain-chair. In China



Travelling in a Mountain-chair.

53,444

there are many hills with steep roads over them, and, when travelling, if you do not want to walk, you can be carried in such a chair as this, with a little swinging board to rest your feet upon. Sometimes there is a swinging seat as well, and just one narrow piece of wood to lean your back against. This latter kind of chair (if chair it can be called) is not very comfortable, and I dare say you would rather go upon your feet than sit in one of them, especially if you are one of those people who are fond of flowers.

Azaleas, pink and red, cover the hillsides in the spring; and in the autumn you may see big gentians, like those which grow in Switzerland, holding their blue cups open to the sun.

Many Chinese Christians live in villages among the hills, and we missionaries enjoy our country walks when we go to visit them, but if the way is long we have to be carried in a chair.

Sometimes as we go along we pass through lovely scenery. It may be the path will lie beside a rushing mountain stream, crossed here and there by little bridges. I have often seen fine waterfalls made by such streams after times of heavy rain.

That rich Chinaman going along in his chair does not think at all of the lovely sights around him. Most likely his head is full of business. He is going to settle up some money matters, or look after some property of his among the hills. The Christians that we go to see are mostly poor, but the world is much more full of joy for them than for their richer neighbours, because they know God as their loving Father.

One woman in a village up among the hills once asked me to teach her and her two little girls that hymn you know so well, "There is a happy land." She and her husband are both Christians, and they have prayers every night in their little cottage home, but it was their great wish to know a hymn that all the family might sing together.

"Then, when we sing," this woman said, "our neighbours will all hear, and they will come and ask what we are doing, and

we shall tell them we are singing praises to the God of Heaven."

This woman was a Heathen a few years ago, but she heard the Gospel when visiting relatives in another village. When she got home she was afraid at first to tell her husband about her wish to be a Christian, but at last she did so, and then she found that he had been listening to the "doctrine" too, and was, like herself, a believer in his heart, so they were able to rejoice together.

## The Editor's Notes.

A HAPPY New Year to all our young readers! May it indeed be a truly happy year to every one of you.

Happy because your hearts are full of praise for all the good things which God has given you, and especially for the love of the Lord Jesus, shown by His dying that your sins may be washed away in His precious blood. God grant that each one of you may know this blessed truth for yourself. May this New Year also be happy as you spend it in the joyful service of your Heavenly King, and strive increasingly to let others throughout the world know of His exceeding love to them.

Safety and Service, these are indeed two keynotes of a truly happy life. May God help you all to realize that!



A few months ago we heard of a girl who each month sold some sixty copies of THE ROUND WORLD. She began three years before with fourteen subscribers each month, and gradually the numbers increased. Through her interest and help in circulating our little magazine, how many young friends have read of the needs of the Heathen, and the work of God's missionaries among them! And surely we may trust that a real desire to help has been felt by some of the readers, so that day by day they are praying and working for God's work in the mission-field. The endeavour to arouse in our friends by some means a real interest in missionary work is indeed most important. Will you help in this way?

Be sure you all read on page 15 the letter to our competitors from our kind Examiner. Now that we are beginning quite a new kind of Scripture Competition, we hope that we shall have many more competitors, and that we shall find the Bible Clocks very popular. As we have a special Bible-Searching Competition for our young friends who live in foreign lands, we trust that many more of them will enter for it this year. Especially do we hope to welcome a large number of competitors from mission-schools abroad. No doubt one of their missionary friends will arrange to send us their papers. In regard to the date of their sending them, we merely ask that not more than one month may go by between the date of their receiving each number of our magazine and the date of posting their papers to us.



We wish to draw your special attention to one old plan which we hope to revive this year. Every quarter, beginning in March, we shall, as we did till two years ago, have a special competition of questions on three months of THE ROUND WORLD. We hope this will be a help to you by encouraging you to read our magazine carefully and thoughtfully. Be sure you take care not to lose your back numbers, for if you do you will not be able to look up the answers to the questions when March comes!



In connexion with the above we propose to try a new plan. We are specially anxious that our readers who attend Sunday-schools should enter for this Quarterly Questions Competition, but we know that many of you feel discouraged at having to compete with perhaps hundreds of others. We therefore propose to offer a prize of a missionary book for the best paper in every Sunday-school which sends us up not less than fifty sets of answers to these Quarterly Questions. As the first set of questions will not be printed till March, you will have plenty of time to think about it, and we hope the superintendents of very many schools will be able to arrange this competition among their scholars. We

should be glad to hear from any such at the beginning of March, in order that we may make the necessary arrangements for the examination of the papers. From each school so competing in this "Sunday-school Competition" we shall ask an entrance fee of one shilling. If in any small Sunday-schools it proves difficult to find as many as fifty children able to answer the questions, no doubt special arrangements can be made if the superintendent or some other friend will write and tell us the facts. We hope that this new effort will meet with a hearty response, and that we shall welcome many Sunday-school scholars among our competitors in these Quarterly Questions this year.



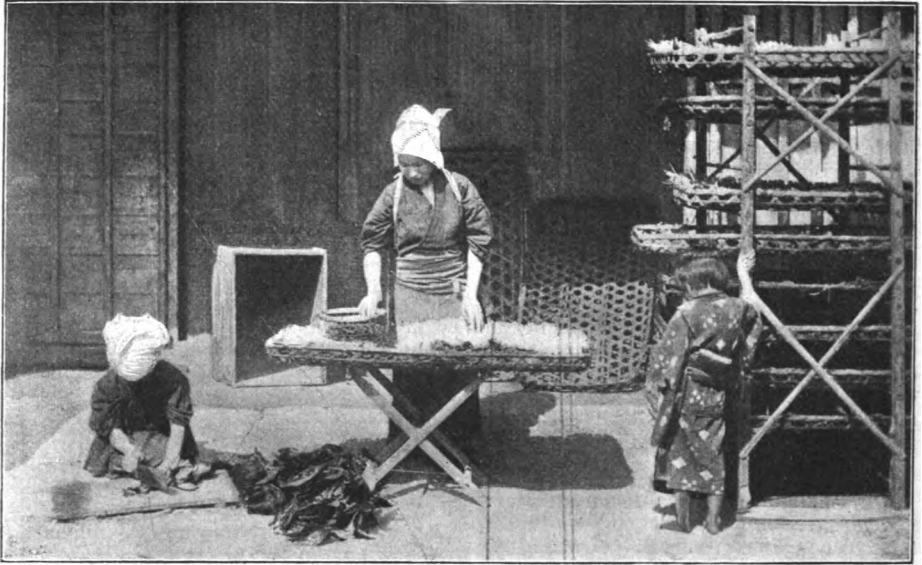
## Silkworms in Japan.

BY A MISSIONARY FROM JAPAN.

**A**MONGST my treasures I still have some of the first silk I ever wound off the cocoons spun by my own silkworms. Perhaps some of you have kept silkworms too, and would like to hear about the way they are kept in Japan. I was very interested when I first saw them there. Instead of keeping a few dozen silkworms as is often done at home, the Japanese keep hundreds, and it takes all day to feed and look after them: often the people have told me that they have not had time to go to bed!

In the first picture on page 4 you will see a woman busy over a tray full of silkworms. The trays are made of bamboo, and are placed on stands like the one on the right-hand side of the picture, so as not to take up too much room. Sometimes I have seen a house so full of these trays that I have wondered where the people could find room to lie down at night. When the silkworms are fed, the trays are taken off the stands one by one, and by the time the last tray is finished, those in the first have eaten up all their food and are ready for more.

They are fed on mulberry-leaves, but instead of having mulberry-trees, the Japanese grow whole fields full of mulberry-

*Preparing Meal for Silkworms.*

canes that look just like raspberry-canes. Someone goes off to the fields early in the morning and cuts down a lot of these canes, which are brought home in a big basket. If you look at the second picture you will see a woman going off, with her basket on her back, to get some canes. The leaves are stripped off the canes, and chopped up, as you see the little girl on the floor in the first picture is doing, ready for her big sister, who gives them to the silkworms.

From the time that the tiny worms are hatched until

*Going for Mulberry-canes.*



*Spinning Silk.*

they begin to spin, the silkworms need so much attention that the people who keep them have very little time to listen to us ; but sometimes we can go and see them and help to feed the silkworms, and have a talk while we are busy. Some of you may have read Mrs. Gatty's parable about the caterpillar who had to take care of the butterfly's eggs ; we often tell them that story, and tell them how, because our Lord Jesus Christ loved us and died for us, all our sins are forgiven, and that after we die, as the silkworm seems to do, we will have a glorious body and be clothed in white robes like the beautiful silkworm moth.

The Japanese never touch their silkworms with their fingers, but lift them up with a pair of chopsticks. When they think the worms are ready to spin they lift them on to a tray full of straw bent up and down, and the worms spin in the hollows. The cocoons are put into boiling water,

when the silk is spun off on a wheel, like the one the old granny is using in the third picture ; but as this kills the grubs, some have to be left to come out as moths to lay eggs for the next year. When the silk is spun it is sold, or sometimes the women get it dyed and wear it themselves. A girl feels very proud when she is wearing a sash made by herself from her own silk.

As we go in and out amongst the Japanese every day and learn more of their ways and thoughts, we find that, underneath all that is different from us, their hearts are just like our own, and they need to know the same loving Saviour as we do to make them really happy. So when we are doing what we can to tell them about Him, as well as the joy that comes from pleasing Christ, we have the pleasure of making them happy. If any of my little readers know nothing of this happiness, which is the best of all, I should advise them to try it.



## The Story of the Days.

BY THE REV. A. E. RICHARDSON.

I.

"Ask now of the days" (Deut. iv. 32).

"WHAT day is it?" asked Gladys of her big brother, who had just triumphantly celebrated his twelfth birthday.

"Tuesday," was the quick reply.

"Why is it called Tuesday—who *was* Tue?" demanded Gladys.

"Don't ask such stupid questions! There never *was* anybody called Tue. Tuesday is only a name—that's all. But I don't see *why* people should call it Tuesday," he added; "and I never *can* remember how it's spelt."

For once, however, even Gladys's "big" brother was wrong, for Tues-day *is* named after somebody, and all the names of the week preach a missionary sermon to those who will listen.

A missionary sermon? Yes, indeed, those old familiar words, which come so easily and so often to our lips, ought to carry our thoughts back to long years ago; to the time when our forefathers knew little or nothing about Jesus Christ. Yes, back to the days when the dwellers in this little island of ours were heathen people. For every day of the week is named after some heathen god. How strange it seems to us now! Sometimes I hear men say, "Why should we bother about the Heathen? Leave them alone—they are happy enough. Besides, they are nothing to us."

Those who speak in this way must surely forget that once our forefathers, here in Britain, were *Heathen*—HEATHEN—just like the poor degraded folk in Africa and Asia. And if the Christians of old had agreed to "leave the Heathen alone," then, perhaps, our nation would still be heathen to-day, and you and I would know nothing of the love of Jesus Christ.

Now I want to take you back again to those days, so that when you awake each morning and lie in bed rubbing your eyes and wondering what day it is, the very *name* of the day shall make you think of

the Heathen and thank God for His love to us in sending missionaries to *our* land long, long ago. And not only this, but also that every day's name shall remind you to PRAY for those who are still living in the darkness of night.

But before we begin to make the days unfold their wondrous story we must ask one question. "Why should *we* think about the Heathen? They are living, oh, so far away, and perhaps I shall never even *see* one!"

What do you say? You may never even see one! Oh, what a mistake to make!

God may never allow you that greatest of all joys—to go away to a distant land where in the hearts of the people it is always night. He may not allow you to stand up in some dark, cruel land and tell of Jesus Christ, Who is the Light of the World. He may never allow you to see that happiest of all sights—the light of the Gospel dawning on the wistful faces of degraded creatures whose "hearts are as black as their faces" (as more than one in Hausaland has told me).

But what did you say? Tell me again.

"Perhaps I shall never even *see* a Heathen."

If that were true then I might as well put away my pen and paper and break up my missionary-box. Never see a Heathen! Oh! do not make such a terrible mistake. You will see thousands upon thousands of Heathen, although in your lifetime you may never leave the shores of England. Yes, *one day* you will see them. Which day? When the Day of the Lord cometh—when weeks and months and years shall end and there shall be one long, joyous day. In that great day what a sight we shall see!

You often have pictures in THE ROUND WORLD of strange-looking men and women, dressed in such quaint, queer garments—yellow men, red men, brown men, black men. There are millions like them, and many of them are crying out, as a poor sick woman cried in India last year, "Keep me alive until I have heard about your Jesus."

You cannot to-day see all these wonderful people, but one day you will see

them, for St. Paul tells us, "We shall all stand before the judgment-seat of God" (Rom. xiv. 10). We shall all stand. What a sight that will be! Oh, what a multitude of people! and millions of them will see Jesus Christ, of Whom they have heard nothing at all during their life on earth, because no one ever came to tell them of Him.

But there they stand—there *you* will stand—there *I* shall stand. How uneasy we shall feel at the sight, and shall exclaim, "Why did we not send them the Gospel in our day? Oh, *why* did not I go to tell them of the love of Jesus? God forgive us if it is not too late."

Yes, "little friends of Jesus," let us be indeed up and doing. We spend our years as a tale that is told (Ps. xc. 9); the "days and moments quickly flying" are hurrying us on to the great Day of the Lord, when we shall see the Heathen face to face.

Let us—if God will only allow us—go out ourselves to some far-off land and *see the Heathen in our lifetime*, so that they shall not reproach us for our neglect in "that great Day." For we shall see them in the Day of the Lord.

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"**The New Name.**"—A missionary from a boarding-school in South India writes:—"The little heathen girl has quite fulfilled our expectations, and has made great progress in every way. One afternoon she astonished us all by walking up to me, requesting that she might have 'the new name.' We may not baptize her without her heathen parents' consent, but baptism was what she really wanted. I asked what name she would like to be called by, and she said, "'Grace,' like my little friend in my class, and 'Ruth,' because she was a little heathen girl and she came to the 'New Way.'" It was very sweet. Soon after this she seemed lost to us for weeks; she was kept away by her heathen relatives in her native village. We all prayed for her return, and once she seemed on the point of coming with Miss M., who has been a friend to the child, paying for her support in the school. After one or two other disappointments, to our great joy she came back to us." Will you pray for this Indian girl and ask that, when old enough, she may have grace to publicly confess her faith in Christ in baptism?

## Pictures from Hing-hwa.

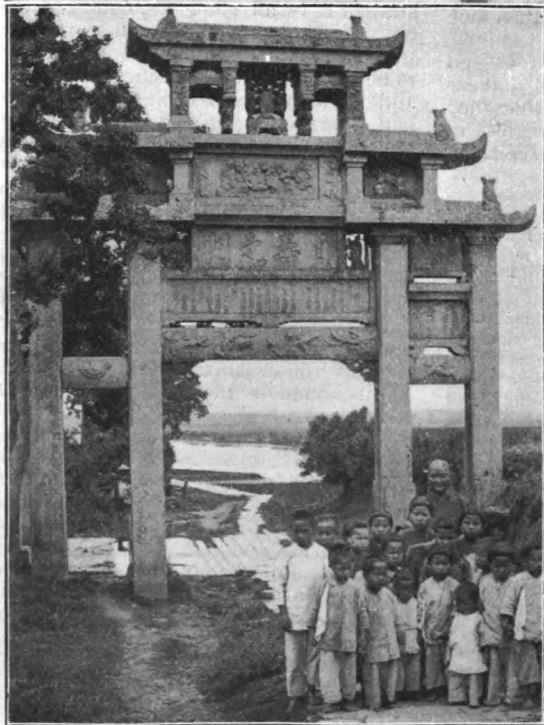
BY MRS. VAN SOMEREN TAYLOR, HING-HWA, SOUTH CHINA.

**I**N the first picture on the next page you see a man standing in water, with funny-looking little sheaves lying all around him. You must wonder what he is doing. Well, he is planting out rice. You all know that rice grows in water; at first the man takes a basket of seed and throws it quite carelessly into the field, which has been already ploughed and made ready and filled with water. Then in a few weeks' time, when the seed has taken root and come up a few inches from the ground, the man goes again and bit by bit pulls it up and replants it again in little clusters, just as you see in the picture, but this time he puts it in long straight rows all along his field, and then he cares for it, and if there is no rain he waters it, and looks after it until it is ready to be cut down, after which it is threshed and made ready for cooking. It is hard and trying work looking after rice-fields, but if there is a good crop it repays all the toil.

Don't you think there is a lesson we might learn from this picture? Girls and boys are daily sowing seeds. Are they always seeds of kindness? Would it not be well for us to do as this Chinese farmer is doing—go over all our field again and take out only the good seed that has sprung up, and replant it again in nice little clusters, such as you will find in Galatians v. 22? Let us remember that what we sow, that we shall also reap.

We see here in the next picture a beautiful piece of stone-work. What is it? This is called a "widow's arch," and there are many of them to be seen in China; they are erected to widows who have been very virtuous, and who have only had one husband. But who are those little children standing in front of it? They are little blind orphan boys and girls belonging to a school which a kind American missionary started to help these poor little blind waifs, who have no home and no parents. The fat old lady standing at the back is the



*Planting-out Rice.**Blind Children by Widow's Arch.*

person who takes care of them. These little blind children are taught to read and sing and work ; and although they cannot see, you would be surprised to find what they can do and how quickly they can learn. But, oh ! is it not very sad for them not to be able to see all the beautiful things God has made ? Will you pray for them and ask God to give them light in their dark hearts, so that they can understand, although they cannot see, what Light and Joy and Peace means, and you know "the pure in heart shall see God" ? Ask that they may be made pure in heart, and some day "they shall see God."

The third picture is of a heathen temple on a hill inside Hing-hwa city. We often go up this hill for a walk. You see there are some Chinese students standing on the hill ; they are most likely men who have something to do with the soldiers' camp which is close

by. There is a beautiful view from this hill, and you can see the great Hing-hwa Plain, dotted over with its many villages, many of them like small towns. It is when we look from this hill over the vast plain at one's feet, that we feel sad and the cry goes up, "How long, Lord, oh! how long?" and we wonder when all these villages will hear and know the Gospel.

Inside the temple live some monks who take care of the idols and keep the temple clean. Every morning the monks beat a gong to wake the idols up, and every evening about dusk they beat it again to send the idols to sleep. When



*A Heathen Temple.*

*Street in Hing-hwa.*

we are sitting on the hill to get a little fresh air and quiet, we always know it is time to return home when the evening gong sounds. Is it not sad that these poor old monks cannot see how vain and useless their idols are, and does it not remind us of the words in Isaiah ii. 8, "Their land also is full of idols; they worship the work of their own hands, that which their own fingers have made."

The remaining picture represents a street in Hing-hwa. All the streets are not so broad as this one. You will see we have no side-walks like you have in England, and you can see how rough and uneven the stones are, and you can imagine how difficult it is to walk on these stones. In wet weather sometimes, you step on a loose stone and up splashes the mud all over your boots, and another time you go right into a pool of water. The shops seen in the picture have no glass windows, but just open stalls where the people can see all they want to buy. There are, however, some nice shops with windows. You see also the women bringing in their brushwood from the mountains for sale. They carry it on the end of long poles which they lay across their shoulders. Their funny-looking little hats are made from the leaves of the bamboo plant, and they use them to keep off the sun as well as to keep out the rain. These women are called field-women, because they have not bound feet, as they have to work in the fields and carry loads, which the better-class women with bound feet could not do.

Many of these poor field-women come into our hospital for treatment, and they hear about God and heaven, and return to their homes brighter and, I trust, better women. Do you not long for the time when all these poor Chinese women will give up their idols and worship the only true God? Many of them have done so, but, oh! there are still many, many more who have to come into the fold, and they will come if you boys and girls will be faithful to them, and if you will work and pray until poor dark China shall hear Jesus say, "I am the Bread of Life: he that cometh to Me shall never hunger; and he that believeth on Me shall never thirst."

## What about Yourself?

BY THE REV. R. CALLENDER.

YOU have often been told not to think of yourself so much; to think of others first. Yet I want you to-day to think of yourself *first*.

See those two men struggling in the sea! Their boat has been upset and they are in danger. Hark! one calls to his comrade, "Save me! save me!" Yet that comrade swims slowly away from him! Now he has reached the life-buoy floating near, and now he turns and swims back to his drowning friend, pushing the life-buoy, and both are saved! Do you see? He could not help his friend until he was safe himself, but as soon as he was safe he turned to serve and to save him.

When you read of black and yellow and red boys and girls taking Jesus as their own Saviour, I wonder if you have said, "What about *myself*! Is He *my* Saviour as well as theirs?"

We ought to make sure before we try to help others. The same sea of sin will swallow up *us* as well as them, unless both they and *we* find a Saviour.

If you have never done so, won't you kneel down and tell the Lord Jesus how *you* want to take Him *now* as *your* Saviour? We have all sins which need to be forgiven (I John i. 8), and only Jesus can do it (Eph. i. 7).

Perhaps you are *afraid* to come to Him?

(1) You do not know *how* He loves you. You think because you have sinned He does not love you.

A father once heard one of his little lads say to his brother, "If you are naughty, father won't love you!" His father called him and said, "My boy, you must never say that. It is not true." "Is not true, father? Will you love us if we are naughty?" "Yes," said his father. "When you are good I love you with a love which makes me glad; but when you are naughty I love you, but it is with a love that makes me sorry."

*That* is like God's love. He loves the sinner, but it is a *sad* love, a love which longs to see the sinner different; and *so* God

loved the world that He gave His Son (St. John iii. 16). *Now* do you see? Jesus *loves* us, sinners though we are, and loves us so much that He even *died* to save us from our sins (I Peter ii. 21). So you need *not* fear to come to Him.

(2) Perhaps you cannot believe that if you just come to Him and ask Him to take you and save you from sin, that He *will*. Remember how He said, "Him that *cometh* to Me I will in no wise cast out" (St. John vi. 37).

Supposing you were a poor little beggar-child, with filthy rags and no home or friends, and I said to you, "I want to help you. If you will come just as you are to my house, I will clothe you and feed you and wash you, and take you for my own child." If you *believed* me, you would *come*. You would not say, "Of course he means me to wash *myself* and try and earn some money to *pay* for my clothes and my food, and *then* when I am neat and clean, *perhaps*, if I go he will make me his child." If you did, don't you see how you would be saying, "He does not mean what he says. He is not telling the truth?"

So, too, how terrible it is to find people for whom Jesus died, saying, "I cannot believe He will save me and wash away my sins and take me for His own child *until* I am better than I am" (I John v. 10).

Come then, dear child, *just as you are*, and *now*, to Jesus, for He says, "COME UNTO ME."

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**Leopards.**—Miss A. E. Allen, of Toro, Central Africa, writes in her journal:—"Leopards are plentiful here. The other day I found very few out-patients at the dispensary service, and this was because they had gone to join in a leopard hunt close by. At the bottom of the hill, some ten minutes off, there is a hut where a child was ill with fever. I had been busy all day, and could not spare time to go and see how he was till past sunset, when I started off with a hurricane lantern. When I arrived at the place I found it barricaded up with branches and brambles and logs; these precautions were taken to keep Mr. Leopard out!"

## A Writing-School in Toro.

FROM MISS A. E. ALLEN'S JOURNAL.

*Toro, Central Africa, May 12th, 1902.*

I HAVE got a pet name by which all the people call me; it is "Amoti." It is the custom here to give an *empako*, or pet name, to all children, and in after life this name is used as a polite form of address. There are only a limited number of *empakos*, and they all begin with A—Adeari, Akiki, Amoti, Apuli, Abwoki, &c. My companion's *empako* is Akiki, as is also the king's. By these names we are always addressed as we pass on the roads, and whenever greeted by the Natives; we are much pleased, as it is a distinct mark of favour and respect.

I think it will interest you to hear about how we teach writing here. It is the *one* thing the people here learn, besides how to read the Gospels, and we give them one hour's lesson four days a week. It is a most amusing hour, for we go into fits of laughter over the eagerness of our pupils.

Do not think of a well-furnished Board School at home, but imagine a bare, long, low, mud-floored, thatched, dark, reed building, supported on rough tree-poles, with all the bark left on. Then picture to yourselves two folding-chairs, placed some distance apart, and two wild cats' skins spread beneath each; these are what Miss Pike and I sit on, and we are surrounded by a crowd of men and women, each one more intensely keen than the other to have a slate bestowed upon him.

There are, unfortunately, only forty slates on the station, so we just have to make these go as far as they will, often by making two pupils share one; the first writes a full side, then hands the precious slate on to number two, who sits watching for his turn to come. Each pupil buys his own pencil, and the care they take of them would impress a schoolboy at home, who carelessly throws his into the common box, heedless of whether it gets broken or not. The Batoro swathe their pencils in narrow strips of calico, and keep them sharpened to a pin's point; and some have a tiny bit

fastened into a hollow reed to make it of a respectable length.

Most of our pupils, when they have secured their slate with a copy written on it, rush outside and sprawl full length on the grass to write, as the light is better there than inside. It is rather amusing to see a great, tall, imposing-looking man, dressed in yards of white calico, knotted on one shoulder, come up and request to be given "A" to write. If they do it well, and we praise them, they cut capers in the air for joy, and immediately wash their slate and beg for a fresh copy.

All the grandees of the countryside attend our class, and the prime minister comes on a horse, dressed like a European in khaki knickers and putties. He has a very grand antelope-skin spread for himself outside, and sits on a chair in great state. He has been promoted to a lead pencil and copy-book. But I think he is more fitted to wield a spear than a pen, and the way he comes down on the other pupils, if he thinks they are getting at all troublesome, is very amusing. He is a great champion of ours, so by way of helping us he bursts out, "Be quiet this moment, all of you; don't bother the ladies; be off with you, quick, sharp; there now, have done; I won't have another word," or words to that effect in his own tongue, accompanied with the most alarming gestures, resulting in perfect order prevailing.

At four, when the drum beats, it is with the greatest difficulty that we can get away from the school. From obscure corners owners of slates dart out with the imploring request, "*Dorazange*" ("Look at mine"), and won't be put off with any promises of attention on the morrow.

Well, after all this you can understand that *tea* is very acceptable, and we find this all ready for us, laid in our little sitting-room, when we come from the writing-class. At tea-time we very constantly have native visitors, who much appreciate our European food—jam, bread, and biscuits and cake. The other day we had a real "wild heathen" sort of man in at tea-time; he had come over with the native teacher from the other

side of Ruwenzori Mountains, quite a heathen part, where the people are only just beginning to learn to read the Gospels. Our guest was a very bulky, dark specimen of humanity, with all his front teeth sharpened to points like a saw, and a tuft of hair at the back of his shaven head. We offered him tea, but he did not like it at all. However, he was quite pleased with a sponge rusk, though in his big hand it bore the proportion of a nut to an elephant's trunk. He is laboriously learning his alphabet, which is always the first step towards baptism. We hope before long to visit his tribe, but it is considered scarcely safe for ladies to go yet, as these people are given to shooting strangers with poisoned arrows.

To return for one moment to the writing-class. I forgot to say how very careful we have to be in writing the copies, for if we write crooked, or below or above the line, the slate appears filled with letters all written so. In noticing this it has come to me strongly that so it is in our lives: what we do others copy, though often unknown to us, and if our letters are crooked, so are theirs. Therefore, I say, let us be on our guard, and both write and talk on the right lines, all along the way.

Last week I was told some women were in the courtyard and wished to see me; one of them turned out to be the queen. "Well," thought I, "I wonder what they want; I can't say very much as yet in their language." There I found them, Bibles open in hand at 1 Corinthians x. 2—"were all baptized unto Moses in the cloud and in the sea," which passage they wished me to explain. At first I felt very shaky, and there was no one to turn to for help, so I launched out into the best expressions I could muster, and to my infinite relief found that I had made myself understood, for they went off quite satisfied, and repeating my lame words in flowing Lutoro. So much for getting on with the language, but please do not forget in prayer how very important it is to get a really good hold of the language.

[Miss Allen, after working for some time in Uganda, has recently been transferred to the Toro Mission. The Luganda and Lutoro languages are quite distinct.—Ed.]

## Black Babies.

BY MRS. MCKAY, OF THE YORUBA MISSION,  
WEST AFRICA.

### I.

SOME of you little folk have a baby brother or sister of whom, I daresay, you are very fond. Now I am going to tell you about the little black babies in a part of West Africa called Yoruba. Your baby has a nice warm bath every morning, and kicks and splashes in the water; but the babies here are not put into a bath at all!

The mother sits on the ground or on a small log of wood, and tucks her baby's feet under her left arm so as to prevent his kicking. In a small bowl by her side is some water. The mother has no sponge, but uses a handful of what looks like dried grass instead. She does not put much soap and water on her baby, and has no towel. When she has washed him she smears him all over with oil and perhaps a little red powder too, and if the baby be a girl she puts some black stuff under her eyes to make her look pretty!

After the washing comes the feeding—not nice milk, but just cold water with sometimes a little medicine in it. You would laugh to see the way baby is made to swallow it, only I feel sure you



*Feeding a Yoruba Baby.*

would pity the poor little mite. The baby's feet are tucked under the mother's arm and his head held between her knees; she scoops up the water in the hollow of her hand, opens his mouth and pours in the water. Baby chokes, of course, and the mother strokes his throat till he has swallowed what she has given him, then she gives him more until he has taken quite a lot and his skin is stretched out tight; then he goes to sleep.

Our page is finished now, little people. Next month you shall hear some more about the black babies in the Yoruba Country.

## Children at Work

SOME of the readers of THE ROUND WORLD will be interested in hearing of two little pieces of children's missionary work. A few weeks ago we had our annual C.M.S. sermons and collections, and of course there was a children's service in the afternoon. A fortnight before, I gave out in the Sunday-school a number of little envelopes, with twenty-four circles printed on the outside, and those who took them were to collect twenty-four coins (either farthings, halfpence, or pence), crossing out a circle for each coin collected. Then, at the children's service after the collection, the envelope-holders all marched up to the Communion rails and deposited their envelopes

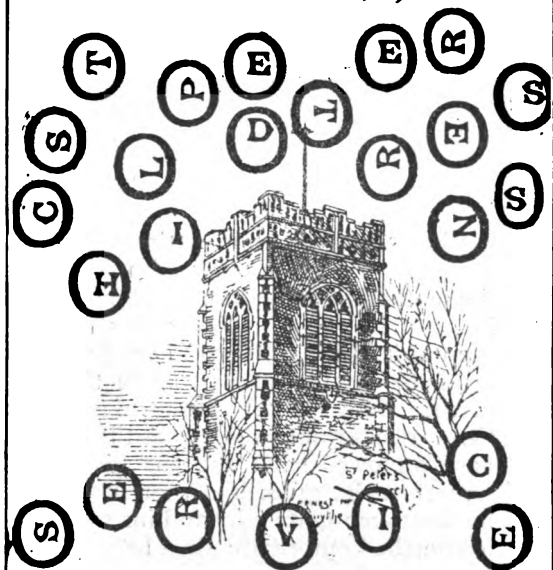
in the alms-dish, quite a nice little sum (£1 7s. 8d.) being thus added to the ordinary collection.

The next Sunday one of the ladies of my congregation brought her little girl (aged nine) to me with an envelope containing the proceeds of a little C.M.S. Sale of Work she had held the week before; it took place in their dining-room, a few of her mother's friends being invited to come, and was quite a success. She expected to get perhaps 8s. or 10s., instead of which she brought to me £2 4s. How much children can do when they try to work for the love of Jesus!

W. J. L. S.

### CHURCH MISSIONARY ANNIVERSARY.

NOVEMBER 2nd, 1902.



NAME.....

TO COLLECT 24.....

Facsimile of Collection Envelope.

Can you Read It?

## The Sowers' Band.

A HAPPY New Year to all our Sowers' Band secretaries! You will have seen, no doubt, about the proposed alterations in this column during the ensuing year. Sowers' Band "Notes and Reports," strictly so speaking, will only, in future, be inserted *once a quarter*. By this we mean accounts of Sales, Entertainments, sums received for O.O.M., &c. The remaining months will be taken up with general talks, letters from "Our Own Missionaries," news from foreign Bands, as well as anything from our secretaries which we think may serve as a fresh hint and suggestion for other Bands.

We are afraid that friends may have been disappointed sometimes when the accounts they have sent of Sales, Entertainments, &c., "to be put into THE ROUND WORLD," have not been inserted in full, but the want of space makes this quite impossible. We wish them to understand, however, that such accounts are always most welcome, as we like to hear all about what the different Bands are doing, even if we cannot, as a rule, publish the details in full.

One special request has come from the mission-field which we are sure will touch a responsive chord in many hearts. You will see below that a new Band has just been registered in Oyo, West Africa. (It was really formed four years ago, but has never been enrolled before.) That these children, once Heathen themselves, are now not only helpers in the great missionary cause, but actually missionaries themselves, may be seen from the following extracts:—"Some



time ago the Sowers held a small Sale of Work for the famine orphans in East Africa, which realized £2 10s. 6d. The meetings are held every fortnight. As a rule after the meeting the children, with their secretary, go out to preach to the Heathen, when he or an elder boy or girl takes part, the younger ones helping by singing, or by calling the people together. I would ask for special prayer that these meetings may be the means of creating a real desire to win the Heathen and Mohammedans for Christ, and of real blessing to the children themselves." Will our Sowers remember this request?

### BANDS STARTED IN NOVEMBER.

Rathmore, Peebles: *Sec.* Miss Bewley, Rathmore, Peebles.  
Oyo: *Sec.* J. M. Aribisala, C.M.S., Oyo, *vid* Lagos, W. Africa.  
Wingates: *Sec.* Miss O. C. Morris, Wingates House, Greystones, co. Wicklow.  
St. James's, Trowbridge: *Sec.* Miss F. M. Lucke, C. C. Bank, Trowbridge, Wilts.  
St. Saviour's, Liverpool: *Sec.* Miss Chavasse, The Palace, Liverpool.  
St. Aidan's, Carlisle: *Sec.* Miss C. A. Oliver, Howard Place, Carlisle.  
Holy Trinity, Liverpool: *Sec.* Miss A. F. Martin, 22, Fitzclareance Street, Liverpool.  
St. Nicholas', Great Yarmouth: *Sec.* The Lady Ruth Pelham, The Vicarage, Great Yarmouth.  
St. Vincent, Cardiff: *Sec.* Miss E. F. Howells, Nevels-worth, Romilly Road, Cardiff.  
St. Paul's, Stockton-on-Tees: *Sec.* Miss Jenkins, The Ropner Park, Stockton-on-Tees.

## A Letter to our Competitors.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—This year we are starting a new plan for our Scripture Competition, and we hope that all of you who have sent in papers before will try again, and that each one will get at least two friends to join also. This will be one way of helping to spread the missionary news, as all who compete will take THE ROUND WORLD, and will, we hope, get interested in reading about our heathen brothers and sisters, and may some day be able to go out themselves and teach them about Jesus. Let us all do what we can

Last year the Competition was very disappointing, as some of our young friends were very irregular in sending in their answers, and so lost all chance even of commendation. This is very discouraging also to those that set the papers.

Your sincere friend,  
THE EXAMINER.

## RESULTS OF SCRIPTURE AND PRAYER-BOOK COMPETITION (FOREIGN).

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1902.

### SENIOR DIVISION.

#### FIRST PRIZE.

DAISY WELSH (aged 16), Windsor, Victoria.

#### SECOND PRIZE.

KATE BUTT (aged 15), Napier, New Zealand.

#### HIGHLY COMMENDED.

(Sada Abood, Lateefie Andone), Wadiah Gomry, (Ju'ia Doughtam, Emily Haddad, Wadiah Jamal), Victoria Tannoose, Nabeha Hanna, Lydia Baz, Wadia Kobary, Nejmei Jereus, Lydia Saba, Wadia Khoori, Bethlehem; Agea Kobti, Nazareth; Jin, Singapore; Naifey Bullo-tine, (Nabeel Hissen, Lydia Marmora), (Maliachia Coptu, Misirra Khalif, Atëna Yacomeh), Hind Jorjous, Mateel Yusuf, Nazareth.

#### COMMENDED.

Adla Khoori, Selma Nasr.

### JUNIOR DIVISION.

#### FIRST PRIZE.

KAUKAB MESSELLUM (aged 11), Bethlehem.

#### SECOND PRIZE.

MARY CLOW (aged 12), Auckland, New Zealand.

#### HIGHLY COMMENDED.

Hannie Yosif, Lulu Jamal, Bethlehem; Daisy Armsby, Napier, New Zealand; Kelway Ibraheem, Bethlehem; Gwen Pulman, Auckland, New Zealand; (Sarah Ablu, Victoria Yacome), Hanne Damoone, Aycefe Zayard, Tabty Zaikaleh, Tarha Jâd, Fareede Moosa, Nazareth

## FOREIGN COMPETITION.

(Open to readers living abroad, EXCLUDING EUROPE.)

Seniors to find the references to all the following texts; Juniors to find all except those marked thus \*.

- \*Why will ye die? (Major Prophets.)
- Let us return unto the Lord. (Minor Prophets.)
- Abide in Him. (Epistles.)
- To Whom coming, as unto a living stone. (Epistles.)
- Follow Me. (Gospels.)
- The sheep follow Him. (Gospels.)
- \*Walk before Me, and be thou perfect. (Genesis.)
- Draw nigh to God. (Epistles.)
- \*In Thy presence is fulness of joy. (Psalms.)

Papers, marked outside, "Foreign Competition," to be posted to the Editor of THE ROUND WORLD, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., within a month after THE ROUND WORLD has been received.

**Note.**—For the new "home" competition and for Rules see page 16. Every one should read the further details about our competitions in the Editor's Notes.

## MISSIONARY PRIZE COMPETITION.

### I.

#### Dolls and Scrap-Books.

**T**WO prizes are offered in each division for the best dressed doll. The dolls should have china heads, or be made of composition or some material which does not melt easily; *wax* dolls are *not* suitable. The dolls should be dressed in bright-coloured clothes, and care should be taken that the dress is long, reaching down to about the ankles of the doll.

The scrap-books we want the boys to make, and we offer two prizes for the best. We prefer small *screen scrap-books*. These can be made with postcards. Get some old postcards and join them together, and cover them with cloth or linen. Be careful to leave sufficient space between each card, so that the little screen will fold up neatly. You can decorate each side of the screen with Christmas cards and pretty little pictures of English children and scenes; do not use comic pictures, fashion plates, or advertisements. Of course, the scrap-books can be made with pieces of cardboard, which might be larger than postcards. These scrap-books are not so heavy as the ordinary scrap-books and do not take up so much space, which is a great advantage to the missionary who takes them abroad!

The girls must state whether they have had any help in the cutting out or making of the clothes, and the boys must say whether they have made their scrap-books entirely alone. Of course each must give his or her name, age, and full address. We hope to have a good supply of both dolls and scrap-books.

Parcels, marked outside, "Missionary Prize Competition," should reach the Editor of THE ROUND WORLD, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, E.C., not later than February 28th.

## RULES FOR COMPETITIONS.

1. Competitors will be divided into two classes, in each of which prizes will be given: (a) Seniors, those aged from 13 to 16 (under 17 at the commencement of the competition); (b) Juniors, those under 13 at the commencement of the six months' competition.
2. No concordance is allowed in either division.
3. Only one side of the paper may be written on.
4. The name, address, and age of the competitor to be given *each month*.
5. Each competitor must state whether any help has been given.
6. Prizes are given monthly in the Missionary Prize Competitions, but only at the end of six months in the Scripture Competitions.

## SCRIPTURE CLOCK COMPETITION.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1903.

*Seniors* to draw a clock and fill in texts.  
*Juniors* only to write the texts, without drawing the clock.

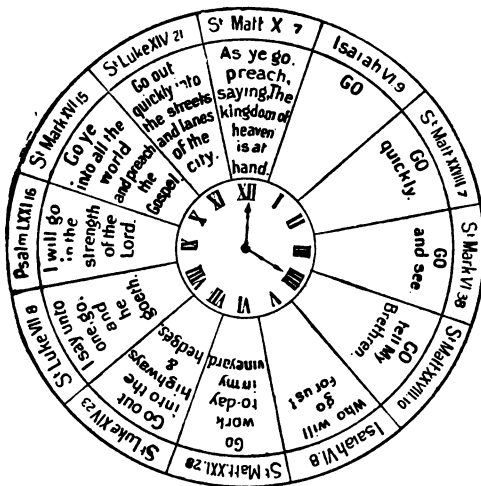
### THE WORD FOR JANUARY—"COME."

Twelve texts should be found containing the word "come," of one, two, three, or more words, as the case may be, to correspond with the numbers on the face of the clock. The references to the texts should be written in an outer circle, as shown in the specimen clock on the word "go."

## REQUESTS for PRAISE and PRAYER.

**PRAISE.**—(1) For the bright witness of a Chinese Christian family in a mountain village (page 2). (2) For the people in Toro who are anxious to learn about God (page 12).

**PRAYER.**—(1) That each reader of THE ROUND WORLD may be truly happy (pages 2 and 5). (2) That, if it is God's will, we may become missionaries to the Heathen (pages 6 and 7). (3) That the Heathen in China may turn from idols to serve God (pages 7—10).



Specimen Scripture Clock on the word "Go."

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BY THE

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# The ROUND WORLD

and They that Dwell Therein.

## Babies' of the Victoria Home, Kowloon.

BY MISS K. HAMPER, KOWLOON, SOUTH CHINA.

I WONDER if you remember seeing our photograph in THE ROUND WORLD nearly two years ago? [See R.W., Sept., 1901, p. 137.] Well, here we are again! Only one is left out, because she is too big to be a "baby," and there are three new ones.

I am A Tak, the tallest (aged seven). I live with Ham Ku Neung's (Miss Hamper) cook. My father is dead, and my mother, who used to be in the school, has to earn her own living. The cook's wife looks after me. She teaches me my manners, and will not let me be rough and rude like I used to be. It is much nicer being good. I am in the third standard.

I am Isun Yung (aged seven). If you have heard anything about me before it must have

been that I did nothing but cry and get into tempers. That was when I first came, and I did not know what it was to be loved! Now I do try to be a good child, though I am afraid I still do naughty



Here we are!

53,971



friend Lily, whom I mentioned before, some girls at the school where I was educated, and other little and big friends helped, until now I have £20, the sum needed to buy the feet. I hope to get them whilst I am in England, and take them back to Fok Yung, who is eagerly looking forward to the time when she can walk like other girls.

Will you not pray that Fok Yung may be able to be a true missionary to her little Chinese sisters?

## Learning to Walk.

### IV.

OUR next rule for learners is—"Walk Uprightly." Now we have got so much into the way of using this word in the sense of "honestly," that we are apt to forget its simple meaning. What is the first thing taught to recruits in the army? They are drilled into an "upright" way of walking. I will tell you why I think a Christian ought to walk uprightly, that is, with his head up, not ashamed to face the world.

First, *it is the sign of a clear conscience.* If your sins are forgiven, for Christ's sake, and you are indeed walking in His light, why should you not hold your head up?—not proudly, like the Pharisee in the parable, but confidently and joyfully, knowing your Saviour is with you to keep you. On the tomb of one of India's greatest rulers, Lord Lawrence, is written, "He feared man so little, because he feared God so much." Will they be able to say that of you and me? No sight is more disagreeable than that of a man who shuffles along with his head down, and cannot look you straight in the face. Christians, of all people, should be able to stand up straight: and remember, "No good thing will He withhold from them that walk uprightly" (Ps. lxxxiv. 11).

Secondly, *it is the safest way to walk.* Any athlete will tell you that; and a wise man has said that "He that walketh uprightly walketh surely" (Prov. x. 9), and that the Lord is "a buckler to them that

walk uprightly" (ii. 7)—a shield that all Satan's fiery darts cannot pierce.

Thirdly, *it is the best witness before the world.* "I don't believe that man gets much out of his religion; he hangs his head down like a criminal." I heard that said of a Christian, and the one who spoke was repelled, instead of being attracted, by what he saw of a disciple of Christ. But it must not be so with us. There is nothing in our Master or His service for us to be ashamed of. St. Paul "gloried" in the cross of His Lord.

Heads up, then! March like good soldiers of Jesus Christ, rejoicing to fight under His banner, and knowing that "with such a Leader we are sure to win." W.

## A Little Yellow Boy.

I KNOW a little boy,  
A very funny fellow,  
His eyes are very small,  
His face is very yellow,  
His cheeks are round and plump,  
His hair all shiny black,  
Which plaits just like a girl's  
And hangs all down his back.  
He knows not "gentle Jesus,"  
But fears a wicked sprite;  
He does not pray, "Our Father,"  
But only prays in fright.  
He does not know God loves him,  
For none has told him so;  
He has not heard of Jesus,  
So to Him cannot go.  
He has not got a teacher  
To tell Him what we know,  
That he must come to Jesus  
If he to heaven would go.  
He lives in heathen darkness,  
His day is always night,  
He only knows of idols  
Because he has no light.  
Oh, won't you send the story  
Of Jesus and His love,  
That this poor little fellow  
May find a home above;  
That he may know God loves him,  
That he may love God too,  
And so be brought to Jesus,  
And saved by grace through you?

JAMES BLUNDY.

## The Editor's Notes.

WELL, boys and girls, we hope you have had happy holidays! Last year some of you wrote and told us about some of the seaside services, and especially of the missionary meetings on the sands at which you had been present at the place where you spent the holidays. We hope many of you will write and tell us about these this year. We shall be so interested to hear all you can tell us. Already we have heard of one place where a large map was drawn on the sand and missionary addresses given, with the result that much fresh interest was aroused. No doubt this is but one instance out of very many, of which we hope you will tell us.



By the time you read this holidays will be over and you will be back again at lessons, either at home or at school. Will you try to remember what we told you in our August number about the Special Call to fresh work and effort which the C.M.S. sent out last summer? Do not forget that we want this autumn to be a time of new energy and of more prayer in God's great missionary cause. It is proposed in November to hold all over the country special services and meetings, with a view to help all our friends in this effort, the watchword of which is, you will remember, "Half as many again." No doubt some of you boys and girls will be present at some of these gatherings. But what we want you especially to do is to pray very definitely that God will abundantly bless these plans and indeed make this autumn a fresh starting-point in energy, and that His work may increase very greatly from this time forward, and many more people be led to take a share in spreading His Kingdom throughout the dark, heathen world. If each and all of our readers will make this a daily matter of prayer, you will indeed be taking a real share in responding to this new "Call."



The Dismissal Meetings, when we hope to take leave of many of our missionary

friends either going for the first time or returning to their work in distant lands, will this year take place on Wednesday and Thursday, October 7th and 8th, when there will be gatherings each evening at 7 p.m. in Exeter Hall. Do not forget to pray for all the missionaries who will so soon be leaving home, asking God to bless and cheer them, and give them great encouragement in the work to which they go.



As usual, we tell our younger readers what is especially intended for them in this number of our magazine. This month the article which will, we know, be enjoyed by the little people is found on pages 156-158, and is called "Hina Matsuri; the Doll Festival in Japan." Some of you, too, will like to learn the poem, "A Little Yellow Boy," on the opposite page.

## Tiger-hunting.

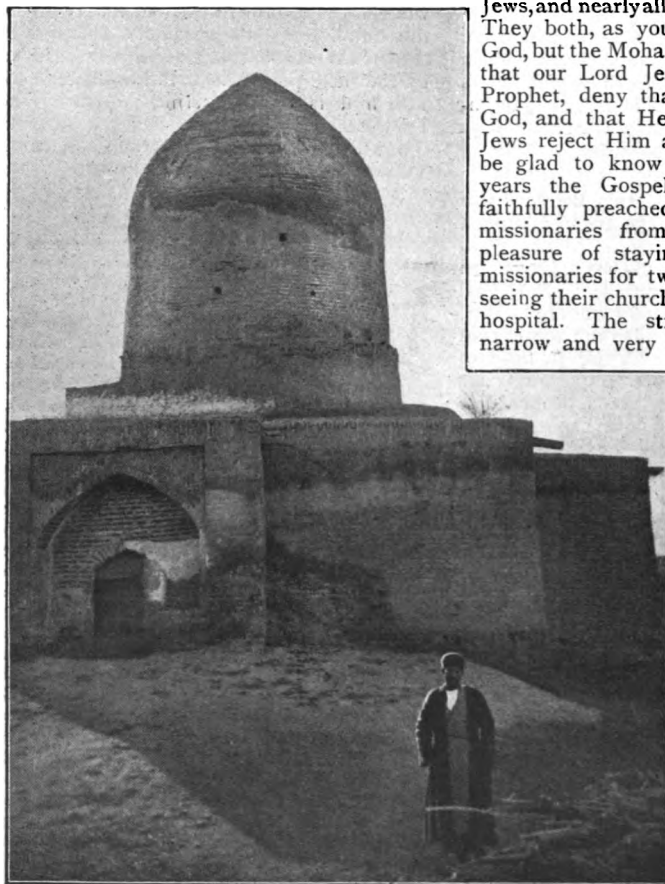
DO you all know that tigers are to be found in many parts of China? Sometimes they become a real source of danger, and the Natives are filled with alarm when one and another has been carried off by the wild beast. A missionary in a journal writes:—"A big tiger was caught in a trap about six miles away, and we all went to see it—a huge brute with a lovely skin. The Natives declared that there were three others at large, so three gentlemen were fired with an ambition to shoot one. They lay in ambush one day, but had no luck, and last week they went again and put a piece of native matting on poles to cover their heads, tied a goat a few yards in front of them, and prepared to spend the night. About midnight they all started to their feet, as a huge animal had, without any warning, made a spring and landed within a few feet, but, being startled, bounded away and galloped off in the darkness, keeping up an answering roar, with the tiger in the pit. They got no shot, as it was pitch-dark and useless to fire, so they kept still, hoping it would come back for the goat, and they would be able to fire then with a better chance, but it did not. So to-day they have engaged a band of Natives with drums, horns, &c., to beat up the valley, where the lair is said to be, and then they will try to get a flying shot if it is to be got."

## On the Road again in Persia.

BY THE REV. C. H. STILEMAN.

### II.

**A**T last I reached Hamadan. I had been within a few miles of it with my wife and eldest boy eleven years before, but had not then entered the town.

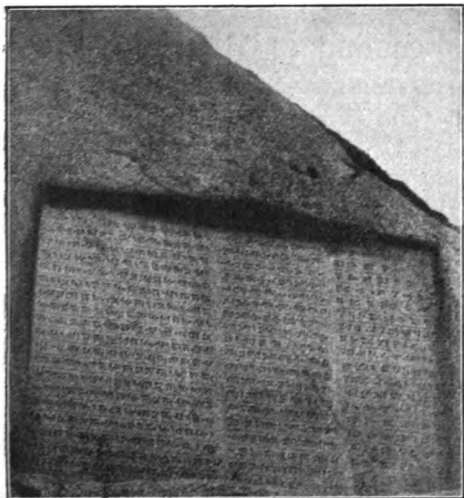


*Tomb of Esther and Mordecai, Hamadan.*

It is one of the most ancient cities of Persia, and used to be called *Ecbatana* or *Achmetha* (Ezra vi. 2) in the days of Cyrus and Darius, of whom we read in our Bibles. It was the summer residence of those ancient kings of Persia. It is more than 6000 feet above sea-level, and is built on the slopes of a mountain 12,000 feet high, which used to be called Orontes a very long time ago, but is now called Mount Elvend. There are about 40,000 people in Hamadan now, of whom some 3000 are Jews, and nearly all the rest Mohammedans. They both, as you know, believe in One God, but the Mohammedans, while believing that our Lord Jesus Christ was a great Prophet, deny that He was the Son of God, and that He was crucified; and the Jews reject Him altogether. But you will be glad to know that for a good many years the Gospel of Christ has been faithfully preached and taught there by missionaries from America. I had the pleasure of staying with some of these missionaries for two or three days, and of seeing their church and their schools and hospital. The streets of Hamadan are narrow and very dirty, and when I was

there the Hamadan River was only a strong-smelling ditch. But the bazaars are well built, and the people do a good deal of work in copper and leather.

I think I know what would interest you more than anything else in Hamadan, and that is the tomb of Mordecai and Queen Esther. You all remember how Esther saved the lives of the Jews in the reign of King Ahasuerus, and how Mordecai became his prime minister. The Jews, of course, loved them both very much, and during all these



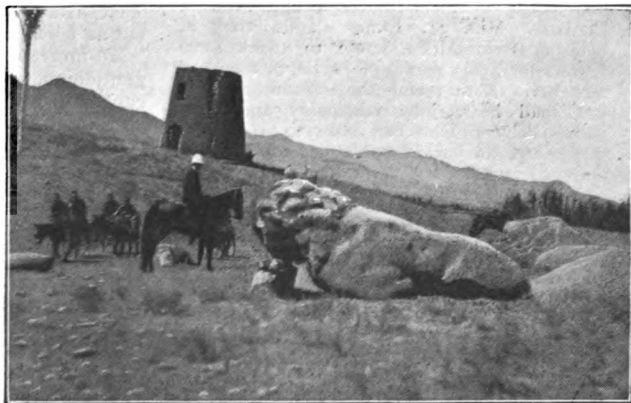
*Inscription of Darius, near Hamadan.*

twenty-four centuries have looked upon their tomb as a sacred place, and have made it a place of pilgrimage. I am sending you a photograph of the present building with a cupola which covers their tombs. A large stone covers the low doorway, and after passing through it one has to creep through a still smaller hole into an inner chamber, where, by the light of a candle, one can see the two tombs side by side. They are black with age, and carved all over with Hebrew characters. Over Esther's tomb is the verse Esther ix. 29, and over Mordecai's tomb Esther viii. 15. I am very glad to tell you that some of the Jews of Hamadan have become earnest Christians, and have been willing to suffer much for Christ's sake. One of them, who was imprisoned and terribly beaten some years ago, said: "If you think to

make me deny Jesus by beating me, you are mistaken, for if you cut off my head I will confess Him with my last breath!"

Before leaving Hamadan I must take you with me to see some of the most ancient writing in the world. I told you just now that Hamadan used to be the summer residence of King Darius. This king, more than 2000 years ago, had an inscription in three languages cut in arrow-headed letters in the solid rock a few miles from Hamadan. For many centuries no one could read this writing, and the Persians, who think that everything of the kind has to do with some buried treasure, called it the *Ganj Nameh* or "History of a treasure." But about fifty years ago Sir Henry Rawlinson found out how to read this curious writing, which runs:—"I am Darius the King, the King of Kings, the King of Persia, the great King of the Provinces, the son of Hystaspes," &c. This is the Darius of whose decree for the building of the Temple we read in the sixth chapter of the Book of Ezra. There are also on these tablets the names and titles of his son Xerxes, or Ahasuerus, of whom we read in the Book of Esther.

The same day that I rode out to see the inscriptions of Darius, I saw what is, I believe, one of the oldest lions in the world. It is a roughly-carved stone lion, which lies not far from the city, and may,



*Ancient Stone Lion, Hamadan.*

perhaps, have been made about the time that Daniel was cast into the den of lions. The people seem to look upon it as almost sacred. They put pebbles on its head as a kind of religious offering, and have an idea that it will preserve them from famine and extreme cold.

It took me a fortnight to march from Hamadan to Resht on the Caspian Sea, and I enjoyed some magnificent mountain scenery on the way. I found that most of the people in the villages spoke not Persian but Turkish, a language which, unfortunately, I have never learned. Some of them, however, could understand Persian, and I was able to tell a few of them about the Lord Jesus Christ.

Next month I must try and tell you what it is like to be at the sea-side in Persia.

#### Fine Weather and Wet Weather.—

The people of the city of Ngan-hsien, in West China, keep one particular gate of their city closed when the weather has been bad and they wish for fine weather: if their crops need rain then a different gate is kept shut until the rain comes! Let us pray that they may soon know that it is by God's power alone that the sun shines and the rain falls, and that the opening and shutting of any city gates is useless.



#### Useful Bandages.—

Many missionaries would tell you how thankful they are for the help given to them by boys and girls in England. Miss M. Elms, a missionary at Onitsha, West Africa, wrote to thank some Sowers for a big parcel of bandages they had sent her. How useful those bandages were you shall hear. The missionary and three native helpers, who had been to a mission dispensary, got back one Monday with the last old bandage used, but to find that a new supply had arrived from the Sowers in England. "In the middle of the night," Miss Elms wrote, "I was awakened by a noise outside. A number of Natives had carried a very long distance a poor man who had fallen from a high palm-tree. His head was frightfully cut in many places, beside which he had fractured his shoulder-bone, broken three of his ribs, and fractured two others. When I had stitched up the wounds and set the broken bones, how very thankful I was for your bandages! I could not help saying to my assistant, Philip, 'What should we have done but for these bandages?'"

## Feasting in Kien-ning City.

[The following letter from Mrs. Phillips was written to her children in England and has kindly been sent to us for publication. We know our readers will enjoy it greatly, and will thank God that His servants are now able to live in the great-heavenly city of Kien-ning, South China, which but a few years ago no Christian was allowed to enter.—Ed.]

I WANT to tell you how we moved into our new house in this city. The Christians wanted to give us presents, and they gave beautiful red silk and satin or paper scrolls. On the day that we moved, we heard a great noise of crackers and then a band playing, and then in walked a little procession of men, some carrying the scrolls. We had had others, too, and every one stayed and nailed them up for us. Another day the Christian lepers sent us two big glass lanterns, and yesterday some one sent us two enormous lanterns, on which are written in Chinese, "Phillips, England." You could not possibly reach round one of these lanterns, they are so big. They are hanging outside our front door. Yesterday we had a great feast for sixty Christians. The cook, and the food from a shop, came at twelve o'clock, the guests at about half-past one, but the feast was not ready till half-past four. So everybody had time to get hungry, and father and I showed them mechanical toys and pictures. The feast lasted for two hours. Father ate too; but as I was a woman I did not go.

To-morrow we have a feast for fourteen gentlemen. That will be great fun, because we are giving them English food, and shall have to show them how to use their knives and forks. The next day I have a feast for the Christian women, and then we can put away the tables, and send all the bowls and chop-sticks back to the shop. We borrowed little stools for the guests to sit on. We borrow thirty for a penny! So you can imagine they are rather horrid little stools!

Last evening, just when it was getting dark, a man came in with a load of trees. We had ordered them from America, and if they grow (but they look rather dead now) we may have peaches, plums, apricots, and lemons, and all sorts of nice fruit.

But I don't know whether they will ever grow, after travelling two months in moss.

A Chinese man came to call the other day, and began to talk English! It was very funny, and sometimes he said quite the wrong things. He turned to me once and said so funnily, "Madam, how old are you?" It seemed so queer to be asked in English. The people like our new house, and think it is marvellously clean. They say it is "clean enough to frighten you." The women said to me the other day, "In the hot weather this downstairs room will be cool; you had better come and sleep on the floor, it is quite clean enough." We have such beautiful flowers. Now the hills are crimson with azaleas, and we have great jars full of them. Visitors walk in and out of our house all day long. At breakfast time E-say (the servant) makes a huge tea-pot of tea, and stands it on the guest-room table, then each one who comes gets a tiny bowl full. The tea-pot is in a wooden case lined with cotton-wool, so the tea does not get cold for some hours. The men often only stay five or ten minutes. It is rather like being in the lion-house at the Zoo, for people all day long come to look at the foreigners.

We have all of your photographs in our sitting-room, and show them to our guests. I have just been downstairs to talk to some women and little girls. They had never heard of Jesus before, and do not know anything about God. The people say we were very brave to build our house here, because it is on the vein of the dragon! They think there is a dragon under the earth, and we are between two yamens (magistrates' houses) and two idol-temples—those places are always built on lucky places, and now we have come right in the middle! They are not angry with us, but expect we shall have good luck. Poor people, how little they know about Who made the earth, and that there is no "lucky" ground. We believe God will bless our house, because so many of us are praying that He will.

We have a sugared cake for our feast, and in pink letters, in Chinese, E-say has written, "Peace to you, gentlemen," and then underneath all round, "Whoever be-

lieves on Jesus will not go to destruction, but will have everlasting life." We did not tell him to put any writing on, but I am glad he has tried to preach a little sermon on the cake, because it shows he wanted to do something for Jesus. I expect the gentlemen will read that to-morrow, and as they are all Heathen, we very much want them to see something which will make them think about God.

Father has bought me such a lovely new silk coat; I have told the tailor he must give me two tiny pieces to send to M. and K., for them to see mother's best, very, very best coat.\* If I have one very nice coat, I think perhaps these heathen gentlemen will ask me to go and visit their wives. They care so much for good clothes, and would not like to be visited by a person in poor clothes. When we go to see the poor people we wear our blue cotton coats, but if we go to rich people we must wear silk. I am going to try and start a working party of Chinese women; I think we shall have five women and one little cripple boy, who is about ten years old and cannot walk at all. When your scrap-books arrive, I must give one to him. Perhaps some time you could send me some old toys for him, or a puzzle—something he could play with. He has a dear little brother, who is four years old.

I know you never forget to pray for us and we always remember you. You must ask Jesus that a great many people who come to see our new house may afterwards come to learn about Jesus and become Christians.

---

**Indian Animals.**—A missionary in Tinnevely, South India, wrote:—"The animals are a terrible pest. 'Crows march straight into the room, perch on the *punkah*, and taking from thence a survey of the delicacies, carry off whatever they fancy. They care naught for what you say, you must get up and drive them out. Bats fly round the room at night and feast on the bananas. Pariah dogs walk in and out of the dining-room and eat up whatever the cat has left. They steal in, making no noise, only you are suddenly startled by the crunch of a bone."

\* [Mr. and Mrs. Phillips wear Chinese clothes.—Ed.]



Cutting out

Clothes.

## Pakhoi Pictures.

BY MRS. HORDER.

### V.—Our Girls.

**L**AST month we read about some of the boys at Pakhoi. Now we will hear something about the girls.

The girls' boarding-school was started in 1892, but for several years there were only a very few inmates. Now there are seventeen boarders, besides thirty to forty day-scholars. Mrs. Hoh, the school-mistress, may be seen



Elder Girl shaving a Girl's Head.

in the picture, teaching the elder girls to cut out their clothes. At the annual examination a newspaper was provided, and each girl in the first class had to cut out a coat and a pair of trousers, with as little waste as possible, a prize being awarded to the one who did it best.

Some of our girls have a wonderful knowledge of Scripture, and can give chapter and verse for many texts quoted. All the girls in the first class have memorized the four Gospels; but



best of all, each of our elder girls has the knowledge of Jesus in her *heart* as well as in her head. They have been baptized and are now awaiting confirmation.

Our two senior girls, those who have been longest in the school, have just been betrothed to the two masters of our boys' boarding-school. We hope that in a year or two they will be married and will become

crown. Our elder girls have each a small child under their care, and are responsible for the mending of their clothes, besides the superintendence of their washing and dressing.

Ng-A-Haan, the elder girl in the picture, was the daughter of one of the language-teachers. The father, Ng-Peng-Po by name, after staying two years in Pakhoi, returned to Hong Kong with his family.



*Girls making Cakes.*

useful assistants in our schools. At the present time they render valuable help as pupil-teachers, and they also assist Mrs. Hill for two or three hours daily in the women's school, teaching the inquirers to read.

Chinese girls, as you already know, wear a pigtail, and the younger ones have their heads carefully shaved each Saturday, the hair only being allowed to grow on the

Last summer he suddenly became ill, and died two days later, and it is believed that he was a victim to plague. Ng-A-Haan is now teacher in a small day-school in Hong Kong, and is supporting her mother (who has unfortunately the "lily" feet) and her little brothers.

In holiday time, Chinese children, like English boys and girls, are very fond of making cakes! Our girls often make theirs

of sweet-potato flour and water ! Sometimes they use rice flour and bananas, mixed with a coarse kind of brown sugar.

The woman standing at the back is Cheung-Sz-Sham, the cook-housekeeper. She has to buy all the food, and with the help of one girl does the cooking for the women's as well as the girls' schools. The two girls on her right are both runaway slaves. Next month you will hear more about one of these girls.

## Answer to Prayer.

### A Reminiscence.

BY MISS M. J. OXLAD.

THE date was Easter Sunday, April 21st, 1867. The place was St. Stephen's Church, Hong Kong—not the present building on the C.M.S. premises, but the first Chinese mission church, which had been opened in September, 1866. The occasion was the first baptism in this church. The missionary was the Rev. C. F. Warren, afterwards Archdeacon Warren, of Osaka, Japan.

These first "living stones" of St. Stephen's Church numbered four—a man, a woman, and two school-girls. The young man afterwards went to California, and died there. The woman—a true Christian—was the teacher of the Chinese girls' school, and, after exactly thirty years of faithful and uninterrupted service in female educational work in Hong Kong, died there in August, 1893, an honoured and beloved worker.

The elder of the two girls, who seemed on that Easter Day the one most full of joy and faith, and might have been singled out as by far the most promising, was the one who disappointed us. She left school life, and then was taken away from Hong Kong and vanished altogether from our sight. Whether she now lives or not I have never had any means of knowing.

It is with the younger girl that my present story is connected. She chose the name "Joy" at her baptism, and truly a joyful young Christian she was. Not long after her mother (of whose very existence we did not know previously) appeared upon the scene, coming down from Shanghai to claim the daughter, for whom she had plans of her own. We had no right or power to interfere, but we heard enough of the dark side of the plans to cause grief and anxiety on her account, and to lead Mr. Warren

to say that he could not now present her for the confirmation for which she was then being prepared.

When this was communicated to her I well recollect the indignant outburst of distress with which it was received. "Did we think that she had only made her Christian profession for the term of her school life? No! it was for her whole life long, till the day of her death! She should never consent to marry a heathen husband, or to join her mother in wickedness. God would help her, and provide a way for her; and she should pray for her mother, and try to teach her till she, too, should be a Christian. And because she was going into difficult circumstances, all the more she needed every spiritual help she could receive from the confirmation and the Lord's Supper." Her plea was considered and allowed, and she obtained her mother's consent to stay with us till that Epiphany service in 1868, our first confirmation at St. Stephen's Church.

Well have these vows been kept; and truly has the God she trusted granted the spiritual strength she sought. She did successfully withstand the efforts of her mother to marry her to a Heathen, strange as it may seem to us who know Chinese ways; and equally did she resist all the temptations with which she was beset. After a short period of trying to support herself by teaching, she went out to service as an *amah*, or maid, in an English family. Singularly few have been her situations during all these years, which in itself is a silent proof of the faithful service in which she has "adorned her Christian profession," working hard doubtless, and latterly in much ill-health, to support herself and her mother.

Chinese are not frequent correspondents like the Japanese, but from time to time I have received letters from my "old girl"; and also at intervals, all through these many years, have heard good reports of her from one and another in Shanghai, of our own or other Missions, and not only of her own steadfastness, but of earnest Christian work among others, especially among the Cantonese women there, to whom, speaking their dialect, she could be of use.

But in all her letters there was one undertone of sadness—her mother was growing old without the knowledge of the Saviour, and she "wondered why God did not answer her prayers" on her behalf. Then at last, more than thirty years after her own baptism, came to me a most joyful letter, asking me to give thanks with her, for her mother had become a believer, and was baptized; "and now I have

my mother to go with me to church every Sunday." That was two years ago; and I hear still how mother and daughter are rejoicing together.

Truly "after many days" comes the answer to prayer. The days of waiting may have seemed long, but they are only a little while in the light of the Eternity they are to spend together in the Presence of Him in Whose Name they have been baptized.

## American Fellow-Workers.

A LETTER FROM MRS. HOPE GILL.

December, 1902.

DEAR YOUNG FRIENDS,—We are on our way back to our work in West China, and have come out this time by America.

If you look on your maps you will see we had to cross that big Continent all the way from Montreal to Vancouver; it took us six days and nights in the train, but I am glad to say we did not have to do it all at once, but stopped at two or three places in Canada and the States.

As it always helps us to know what others are doing to help tell the good news of Jesus and His love at home and abroad, I thought you would like to hear of what some of your young American cousins are doing. While we were in the city of Detroit, in the State of Michigan, I was asked to speak to the quarterly meeting of the Children's Auxiliary. They call their missionary working parties and meetings "Auxiliary meetings" out there. Every week they meet, the grown-ups one day and the children another. For this quarterly one, branches from several of the other churches in Detroit meet; they hear what each have been doing, and some one comes to give them a missionary talk, and they show the work they have been doing, and the toys, &c., they have collected to send out to the special missions they are interested in. Then they give in any money they have collected. As the children have not much money to give, they are allowed to do some trading—in the way of making little things and selling them.

At this meeting I went to they first had a roll-call, when all the members of each branch stood up as the name of their church was called out. One of the branches that interested me very much was that of coloured girls. A gentleman first gave them a very nice talk on the meaning of the word "missionary"—one who is *sent*—and then took a word for each of the

letters: the churches at home are to Send, Everywhere, Now, to Teach. Then came my little talk about China and the children there. They were all so attentive, and said afterwards it helped them to realize more about the poor Chinese, seeing and hearing some one who had really been amongst them. One little girl said she "wanted to do something to help," and would bring some of her picture-cards. Oh, that *all* who love the Lord Jesus would have that desire to *do* something, however small, for Him!

After the meeting came an interesting competition. On a table were placed cardboard models of all sorts of things connected with foreign missionary work—a Japanese house, Indian bungalow, Chinese boat, &c., &c. Each child was given a pencil and paper, and she went and looked at the things, guessed what they were, and wrote them down. Whoever had the greatest number of correct guesses was to have a prize of some sort. They were an eager working crowd round that table! After that came tea, and then they went home, each branch to meet again in their own parish the following week.



### Lessons on "Foreign Cookery."

To those girl readers who hope one day, if it is God's will for them, to be missionaries, we would say, Mind you learn how to cook! This will be useful to you in the foreign field in more ways than one. You will always want good meals if you wish to keep in health, and to get suitable food will generally mean that you must at least help to teach some Natives how to cook. Then how nice it will be, when your fellow-missionary is ill, to be able to cook her some tempting, nourishing food!

But the lady missionaries in at least two towns in Japan are making what seems a new use of the knowledge of dainty cooking. Miss L. A. Galgey, at Fukuyama, has started a class on Wednesday afternoons for Japanese ladies, which begins with a lesson on "foreign cookery" and is followed by a Bible-lesson and hymn practice. The missionary writes: "Eight ladies, to whom the Gospel of Jesus is quite new, have joined already, and I have heard of others who are coming. Space will be my difficulty, as the kitchen is not large."

At the other place, Hiroshima, we hear of the firstfruits of the ladies' cooking-classes, one of the members being baptized. Will you ask God that all the Japanese ladies who come to the cooking-classes may learn to love and serve the Lord Jesus?

## Hina Matsuri

### The Doll-Festival in Japan.

By MISS RITSON.

**I** SUPPOSE there is no country in the world where dolls are more appreciated than in Japan. And yet as we are accused of being "topsy-turvy" in other ways in this far-off land of the Rising Sun, so I suppose you will consider us even in our treatment of dolls.

The fact is, dolls have their *day* in Japan, and a great day it is! The third day of the third month each year is devoted to what is called Hina Matsuri (the doll-festival). For weeks beforehand preparations are made for it both in shops and houses, fabulous prices being paid by parents and others to obtain the latest novelty in the way of dolls to gladden the hearts of the little *musume* (daughters) of the land. But, as soon as the day is over,

or within a few days after, the majority of the dolls disappear from view, and are not seen again until next year's festival.

"But why is this?" I think I hear some of you say, as you picture what it would be to *you* if you knew your mother had ten or twenty, or even fifty, beautiful dolls put away in her store-room, which you might not gaze upon except once a year. Ah, but now you are jumping to conclusions! I never said that there was anything particularly beautiful about the dolls that had to be put away in their cases. Some are interesting because of their connexion with past history, being representations of ancient warriors or noted ladies, all attired in the dress of their time, which have come down from generation to generation of the different families; but they are not sufficiently interesting for a child to wish to play with.

If you look closely at the picture you will, I think, be able to see two or three of these historic dolls, also some rather



A Japanese Toy-shop at Dolls' Festival-time.



*Entrance to a Temple.*

grotesque ones, and when I tell you that some of these dolls at the Hina Matsuri are in reality treated as idols, and have offerings of rice and other festival dishes placed before them, you will, I know, agree with me in not being sorry that they are not allowed to be out the whole year round to add to the number of idols in Japan.

And the little girls have other really pretty dolls—miniatures of themselves—which they delight to play with, and which, not being connected with past heroes, there is no fear of their treating with signs of worship.

Of course you will understand that to play with and fondle a doll in the way little English children do is not the Japanese way of doing things! The great idea with a Japanese girl is not so much to hold a doll in her arms as to get it arranged firmly on her back, just like mother does with the baby brother or sister.

And, as I write this, there rises before me a doll story which Dr. Verbeck, a

Japan missionary, told at a meeting in one of our largest buildings in Tokushima many years ago. He told us that as he was walking one day in a certain part of Tokyo, he saw a lady with what at first sight might have been mistaken for a baby, but which on coming closer he saw to be only a doll fastened firmly on her back so that it could not fall off. On inquiring the reason of this strange sight, he was told that as this poor lady had no child, she had got a doll instead!

The next year he was passing along the same street, and met the lady again; but this time instead of a doll on her back, she had a real live baby. There was no need to ask what she had done with her doll! Dr. Verbeck went on to point a moral from this story to this large crowd of listening Japanese, which was that so long as they did not know of a living and true God, they had worshipped idols, but now that they had heard of a living Saviour and God, they surely could not do any other

than this lady had done—put away that which was without life, and receive that *with* life.

But the sad thing is, they do not all get a chance of hearing of this gift of eternal life which we prize so dearly, and so they are still going on worshipping idols. We have a picture on page 157 showing part of a Shintoist temple, where people worship the sun-goddess, but many of them are in their secret hearts longing after that peace and true life which can only be obtained through faith in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

They are "feeling after God," but all in the dark. Will you not stretch out a hand to help them by your prayers, by your gifts, and by perhaps some day going yourself?

### Topsy-Turvy China.

**D**R. MARCUS MACKENZIE, of the Fuhning Mission Hospital, South China, writes:—

"When in England the Druids were having their human sacrifices, burning people in wicker cages, the Chinese were a civilized people and very prosperous. I suppose their present-day methods of doing things are similar to those of their ancient ancestors. If you came to China you would wonder how contrary the opinions and customs of a Chinaman are to those of an Englishman. But you had better not think that the Chinese are all wrong and that we are all right. You have learned that there are two ways of doing everything, namely, a right and a wrong. But perhaps you do not think that there may be several ways of doing the right, not only one. The following Chinese opinions and customs have come to my notice:—

- (1) The occupant of the moon is a woman.
- (2) Fields are ploughed beginning at the centre and extending outwards.
- (3) A visitor ends his visit by taking tea.
- (4) The left-hand side of the host is the position of honour.
- (5) White is the garb of mourning.
- (6) It is polite to inquire how old you are.
- (7) A leisure state is more honourable than work.
- (8) Pupils recite their lessons with backs facing teacher.
- (9) Book-markers project at the bottom of a book, not at the top, as with us.

(10) Their books begin where ours end, and end where ours begin.

(11) Their pages are read in vertical columns, beginning at the right-hand side.

(12) The points of the compass they read thus: East, West, South, North.

(13) They wash their hands and faces with a towel and dry by evaporation.

(14) Their umbrella is held by the end and not by the handle when used as a walking-stick.

(15) In cold weather they do not go to the fire, but bring the fire to themselves by means of wicker-work fire-baskets with charcoal."

### "In the Morning sow thy Seed."

A Song for the Sowers' Band.

Tune—"Firmly Stand," 491, *Sacred Songs and Solos*.

**I**N the morning bright, when our hearts are light,  
When our sky is clear, ere the clouds appear,  
To the field we'll go, and the seed we'll sow,  
In the morning sow our seed.

*Chorus.*

Hear the Master's call! There is work for all,  
The Lord of us has need.  
While we're youthful and free, we His servants will be,  
In the morning we'll sow our seed.

While our spirits burn as of Christ we learn,  
And His Word believe, and His Gift receive;  
Let our happy prime be our waking time,  
"In the morning sow our seed."

*Chorus*—Hear the Master's call, &c.

Yes, the early hours, with their love and powers,  
Blessed Saviour, we would devote to Thee.  
And throughout life's day, we would work and pray  
For the Heathen in their need.

*Chorus.*

They have need of Thee, and our aim shall be  
Their souls to Thee to lead;  
And "the joy of the Lord" we shall have for reward,  
If we faithfully sow the seed!

FRANCES STRATTON.

# RESULTS OF SCRIPTURE CLOCK COMPETITION.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1903.

## SENIOR DIVISION.

### FIRST PRIZE.

ETHEL MARY MANN (aged 14), Ditchingham, Norfolk.

### SECOND PRIZE.

GRACE E. MAXWELL (aged 17), Clapham Common, S.W.

### THIRD PRIZE.

EDITH MARJORIE CHAVASSE (aged 16), Liverpool.  
MARY LATA CHAVASSE (aged 16), Liverpool.

### HIGHLY COMMENDED. (In order of merit.)

Joyce I. Mann, (Margaret R. Beatty, Kate Muriel Pogson, Isabel M. Hoare), (Carrie Adams, Blanche L. H. Barber, Dorothy Preston, Muriel A. Perronet Sells, Gertrude Emily Watkins), Beatrice Gray, Nellie Kenyon, (Ethel Elsie Sampson, Edith Wells, Mary Hannah M. Wilkinson), (Elizabeth Heslop, Janet Lloyd, Edith Mary Pogson, Evelyn Leech Porter), A. Gladys Jones, H. Bridget McNeile, (Dorothy Mary Fuller, Hilda Mitten), (Christabel M. S. Bishop, Mollie Eviatt, Florence Evelyn Hodge, Kathleen Pitt, Ethel Irene Pilson, Harold J. Tapley, Edith Thair, Emily Thair), (May Bond, Violet Jenny Gilham, Ada Emily May Hatchard, Ethel Hopgood), (Hester Clive Mann, Miriam Walker), Winifred C. Squires, (Marjorie Fitch, Lizzie Green, Nellie Norton, Kathleen Puzey, Emily Bowman Rogerson, Mabel Sale, Ruth Eucharis Saunders), (Grace Merridew, William J. Seymour), (Daisy Childs, Margaret Sophie Mills), C. M. Smyth, (Muriel Pitt, Evelyn B. G. Rivington, Annie Jane Wheatly), Dorothy A. Braithwaite, Dorothy Brightwell, (Margaret Amy Hughes, Percy Johnson), (Fred, William Hopkins, Edith Nellie Musk, Ivy M. Ozanne, Edith Sowdon), (Mabel Amy Radford, Hope Fairfax Taylor), Edward C. Newell, (Violet F. Smith, Emily Sowdon), (Nellie Greenfield, Bessie Morris), (Jennie Champion, Alice Dalton, Florence Agnes Pearce), (Louie Garrett, Alice Maud Oranney), (Alice M. Andrew, Daphne E. Mein), (Hermione M. Gray, Annie S. Hill, Vida Trenchard), (Lottie Davies, Maud Edwards, Phoebe Ford, Dorothy Linton, Dorothy Wilkins), (Charles E. Duffield, Walter John L. Rogerson), Edith Violet Kealy, (Sybil Bower, Gladys D. Shaw), Amy Therese Blareau, Gertrude Wells, (Martha Boot, Cassie Gordon, Winifred Elsie Phillips), (H. P. Baker, Daisy Baldwin, Ernest England), (Lily Crate, Benjamin M. Luxmore, Violet Pearce, Margaret Sharp), Janet Z. S. Frisby, (Ada Bishop, Isabel Gore, Evelyn Johnson, May Jane Musk, Lottie Taylor, Mary Eleanor Thornhill), (Hilda Reade, Ethel Gordon Smyth), Irene Grandy, Nellie Howe, (Olive Bonham-Carter, Lilian Skinner), William Batchelor, Lois Kempson, (Honor Gubbins, Emma Laura Towner), Frances Barlow, Alma Snow, (Winifred M. Wall, Aileen Wheatly), Emily Matthews, (Nina Nickels, Dorothy M. Stocken), Edith O. Saunders, Susan Varnham, (Nellie Briscoe, Florence Moore), (Hettie Scott, Violet Beatrice Whitehead).

### COMMENDED. (In alphabetical order.)

Laura I. Andrews, Elsie M. Arkle, Beatrice Baird, Frances A. Batson, Kate M. Bedford, Mabel E. Bone, Emily Bones, Amy Bowker, Frances Bowker, Helen Brown, John W. Bryans, Lily Bullimore, Lily Cameron, Constance M. Chapman, Douglas Copeland, Annie Crome, Helen G. Dashwood, Frances Dorey, Lily B.

Eden, May Farlow, Ethel Fellows, May Finch, Frances Finck, Beatrice Gardner, Edward N. Hay, A. Gwendoline Hutchens, Lizzie Hutton, Mabel Jones, Maud Judge, Katharine Kenyon, Walter G. W. Lee, Mabel L. Leonard, Dorothy Leppington, James Macdonald, Farquhar MacGregor, Charles B. Moses, Phyllis Neale, May Newson, Ernest North, Ethel Ovenden, Edward J. Phillips, Hilda Price, Ellen Raymond, Eleanor R. Read, Pattie Reade, Cissie Roe, Elsie Roe, Kathleen Rooke, Victoria Rooke, Frances E. Rowley, Annie Shutler, Mabel Smith, Maria Swain, E. V. Tanner, Beatrice Vigar, Amy C. Wadmore, Rose Walton, Fredk. Watson, Mabel Watts, Annie Wightwick, Florence Williams, Nellie Yates.

## JUNIOR DIVISION.

### FIRST PRIZE.

IRENE HANNAY WATTS (aged 12), Newport, Monmouth.

### SECOND PRIZE.

AMELIA JESSIE JUKES-BROWNE (aged 10), Torquay.

### THIRD PRIZE.

SALOME L. B. HOWARD (aged 10), Buntingford.

### HIGHLY COMMENDED. (In order of merit.)

Annie Kerrison Fullerton, (Frances Wycliffe Coleman, Cecily J. Dibben, Herbert Cecil Lewis, Dorothy Catherine Waller), Dorothy Mudd, (Grace Mary Eland, Elsie Long), (Dorothea Mellor, Margaret Nicolaus), Charles Hamilton Wilson, Charlotte Eleanor Anstey, (Nora Crook, Margaret Fancourt Michell, Dorothy Wood), (Olive M. Baker, Dorothy Hume Schiveder, Grace Sparshatt), (Irene Coleman, Nora E. R. Griffiths), (Ethel C. Gladstone, Edward Lionel Prior), (Hanna Balck, Esther Macdonald, Marjorie Pigeon), Lilla Graham, (Dulcea Finnimore, Molly Hill), (Clement Barnwell, Lizzie Binden, Winifred Briscoe, M. Enid Lawe, Violet C. Lawe), Annie Jebbitt, (Violet Bressey, Margaret E. M. Saunders, Dorothy Mary Vadden), (Eva Burdett, Fanny Sims), A. Wentworth Ping, (Alice Lilian Anstey, Percy Pugh), J. Catherine Pelly, Margaret Hamer, (John Brunker, Ida Calvert), (Violet Margaret Halsey, Frank Horlington, Marjorie C. Liesching, Anna Scarff), (Kathleen Boileau, Ethel Chave, Elsie M. Hill, Edith M. Newell), W. V. Smyth, (Agnes C. Bressey, Eleanor Childs, William G. Lemmon, Olive E. Skinner), (Helen Campbell Hughes, Dorothea Frances Powell, Lois Williams), (Irene Frances Clarke, Hilda M. Wingham), (Gertrude Kathleen Davis, Hettie Louise Musk), (Louisa Emily Bird, Willie Brunker, Mildred Hamer), Nancy Watts, (Violet Woods Brown, Geoffrey Leonard Heawood, Violet Constance Rogerson, Cim Butler Stoney), (Winifred Brown, Arthur Rideout, Charles W. Thurley), (Emily Heath Heawood, Hester Amelia Pearce, Louie Rayner, Adelaide E. Rickerby), (Gwendoline Chave, Emma Lloyd), Bernard Barnes, Jessie Turnock, Anna Selina Twiddy), Minnie Gray, (Olive Frances Newham, Norman Vince), Vera Oliver, (Rose Binden, Wilfred Brown, Mary Martin), (Gertrude Hodgson, Dora Ovenden), (Bessie Gray, Annie Hopper, L. Erene Mills), (Margaret Elizabeth Anstey, Ellis Jack Bradley), (Thomas A. M. Finch, John Ward Harmshaw, Elsie Huddleston, Alice May Roberts), Kathleen Mary Crozier, (Georgina Barlow, Ethel Fox, Nellie Phelan), (Annie Barnett, Ethel Davies, Douglas Stark, William Henry Wheatly), (May Cort, Arthur Eaton, Annie Foot, Daisy Lushington), (Dorothy May Andrews, Albert Henry Marchant), (Bessie Child, Gerald Dashwood, Dorothy Gabriel), (George Corkish, Daisy Holme, William Mackay), (Alice Clint, Bessie Catherine Sampson, Thomas Stone, Albert Henry Ward), Frank Dibben, Alice Newson, (Constance Irene Farquarson, Winifred



M. Watts), Marjorie Bertha U. Wilkinson, (Ruth Marian Ayling, Percy Barnes, Daisy H. Poplett, Robert Walter Thornhill), (Lily Haydon, Olive Sparshatt), Alice C. Bead, (Vida Wallis, Ernest Brown).

#### COMMENDED. (In alphabetical order.)

Albert Batchelor, Annie Batchelor, Walter J. Batchelor, Alice M. Bedford, Susan A. Bedford, David F. Bickmore, Mabel R. Boffin, Agnes Bones, Arthur Bridle, Harry Bridle, Elsie Briscoe, Stephanie Bryan-Brown, Ethel Burridge, Margaret Burton, Elsie Chapman, H. Coling, Jane Coling, Gordon W. Copeland, Ethel E. Coulsey, Elsie Darling, Nora Day, Hetty Death, Margaret F. Dibben, Ernest W. Flexen, Katie Flower, Esther E. Gill, Madge Goodship, Nellie Goodship, Vera P. Green, Gwendoline Grimwood, Nelly Haines, Derrick Hamer, Dorothy Hamer, Ethel W. Hayward, Charlotte Herman, James E. Hillyer, Grace Hodgins, Jack Hollwey, Kathleen Hollwey, Hilda T. Jacka, Olive Jenkins, Dorothy R. Jubb, Phyllis Kempson, Winnie Kenyon, Fanny Keyser, Margaret Luckley, Ernest Lye, Matilda Moore, Eugenie Mowat, Alice A. Nunns, Jessie Nunns, May Richardson, Charlie Stone, Lily Timms, Drusilla Worrall, May Worrall, Frank Wragg, Mabel E. Wright.



**To our Competitors.**—What a splendid long list of competitors we have this time! It has been such a pleasure to the Editor to see so many Scripture Clocks arriving each month. The certificates will be sent as quickly as possible to all "Highly Commended."

## MISSIONARY PRIZE COMPETITION.

### VII.

#### Work-bags and Bandages.

**T**O our readers ten years of age and over we offer two prizes for the best made and fitted work-bags. The bag can be made of any pretty material. The work-bags will be given as prizes in a mission school.

To our younger readers, those *under ten*, both boys and girls, we offer two prizes for the best set of rolled bandages. They should be of unbleached calico or white flannelette, and be 6 yards in length by  $3\frac{1}{2}$  inches, 3 inches, or  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches wide. As most of you know, the great thing is to roll the bandage as *tightly* as possible; be careful, too, to tear off the *selvedges* of the material. We hope this will be a big competition!

All competitors must give their name, age, and address, and state whether they have received any help. Parcels, marked outside, "Missionary Prize Competition VII.," should reach the Editor of **THE ROUND WORLD**, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., on or before November 30th.

## SCRIPTURE CLOCK COMPETITION.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1903.

*Seniors* to draw a clock and fill in texts.  
*Juniors* to write only the texts, without drawing the clock.

#### THE WORD FOR OCTOBER—"HOPE."

Twelve texts should be found containing the word "hope," of one, two, three, or more words, as the case may be, to correspond with the numbers on the face of a clock.

Papers, marked outside, "Scripture Clock Competition," should reach the Editor of **THE ROUND WORLD**, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., on or before October 31st.

## FOREIGN COMPETITION.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1903.

(Open to all readers living abroad, EXCLUDING EUROPE.)

Seniors to find the references to all the following texts; Juniors to find all except those marked thus \*.

- Hopeth all things. (Epistles.)
- \*My earnest expectation. (Epistles.)
- \*My expectation is from Him. (Psalms.)
- Thine expectation shall not be cut off. (Proverbs.)
- I have waited for Thy salvation. (Genesis.)
- I have hoped in Thy Word. (Psalms.)
- Faith is the substance of things hoped for. (Epistles.)
- Oh . . . \*that God would grant me the thing that I long for. (Job.)
- \*An anchor of the soul, both sure and stedfast. (Epistles.)

Papers, marked outside, "Foreign Competition," to be posted to the Editor of **THE ROUND WORLD**, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., within a month after **THE ROUND WORLD** has been received.

## REQUESTS for PRAISE and PRAYER.

**PRAISE.**—(1) For Christians at Hamadan who have suffered for Christ's sake (page 149). (2) That the missionaries are now able to live in the heathen city of Kien-ning (pages 150 and 151).

**PRAYER.**—(1) For Fok Yung (pages 145 and 146). (2) That we may all take our share in responding to the C.M.S. "Call" (page 147). (3) For all missionaries now leaving home for the mission-field (page 147). (4) That many of the Chinese at Kien-ning may become Christians (pages 150 and 151). (5) That the Japanese people may *find* God (pages 157 and 158).

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## Something about Elephants.

A FEW days ago I was at the Zoo, and when I saw the elephants gravely walking up and down with children on their backs, I could not help thinking how strange it seems to see elephants in England. Somehow they look odd in a tidy place with smooth gravel walks and bright flower-beds; and all the English boys and girls piled on to their backs make them look still stranger.

But in India, among the big palm-trees and bamboos, an elephant looks much more natural, with a brown man seated on his back or on his neck. Often I have met them when I was out walking or cycling, though I must confess I have never screwed up my courage to pass an elephant on my bicycle; they always made me and my machine feel so very small!

Our elephant in the picture is arranging timber under his keeper's directions: I have never seen them do that, but one hears wonderful tales of their intelligence and obedience.

Elephants that are tamed are called "country elephants" by the Natives of Travancore, in the south of India. The wild elephants are called "jungle elephants," and the people who live near them have to make careful plans to keep



Elephant moving Timber.

54,204

safe. An animal that can uproot small trees with his trunk should be treated with great respect. Just imagine how you would feel if you saw him walking into your garden, where your baby brother was crawling about! So in a part of Travancore where there are a great many wild elephants, people build their houses right up in very tall trees, quite out of reach of the elephants. The Rev. Henry Baker, who worked for many years in Travancore, when he stayed in an elephant district, used to live up in a tree.

Now for a little bit about "country elephants." What would your doctor think if one day an elephant were brought to him as a patient? This really happened to a German missionary doctor. An elephant, which had been moving timber, was hurt by a great piece falling on its back, making a terrible wound. Its owners took it to the mission doctor, who treated it every day until it got quite well.

Tame elephants are brought to heathen temples at feasts to make the processions more splendid. They are gaily decorated, and march along solemnly, looking as if they quite know what an important part they are playing. When a feast lasts several days, one generally sees more and more elephants each day, until at last there may be as many as twenty in the procession. Different sets of people undertake the arrangements for processions, &c., in turn, and each set wishes to outdo those who went before, and one way of doing this is to add to the number of elephants. You see, heathen people in India are ready to take trouble and spend money on their religion, though they do not love their gods, nor believe that they love them. How ready we should be to serve our loving Father, and to help others to serve Him too!

What should you think of elephants as wedding guests? Once I was at the weddings of the daughters of an Englishman in India. He had many friends among the Natives, and some of them, as a sign of friendship and interest, sent three huge elephants, who stood on the road in front of the house all through the wedding-day. Each one had on his head, quite covering

his great forehead and coming down on to his trunk, an enormous gold and silver ornament, worth hundreds of pounds. As they stood in the bright sunlight, moving their heads about, the light was flashed back from their shining jewellery. They were quite the most imposing of the wedding guests.

Now we must say good-bye to our elephants. Next time you go to the Zoo and enjoy an elephant-ride, don't forget the people of the countries they come from. K. M. R.

---

## Sarah Tucker College "Babies."

[The following is written by Miss Pawson, a missionary who teaches in the upper classes in the Sarah Tucker College at Palamcottah, South India. The Indian "babies" of the school seem to be great pets!—Ed.]

ONE of the brightest days of the week is Saturday, when, freed from lessons, the babies wander about the compound according to their own sweet will.

A good number make their way to the bungalow, where the *ammals* are busy correcting exercises, but not too busy to welcome the youngsters. They do not arrive with a rush, but a little head will first be observed peeping in at the window; next a whispered consultation is held on the verandah, and soon a party of "babies" appear in the doorway with a "good morning" and much laughter. The next proceeding is to walk round and examine all the articles of interest in the room, and though this occurs weekly it does not seem to grow tame. Occasionally a new "baby" is taken round by an old "baby," and instructed in the various articles, and the relationship of the various photographs to their owner. Then, permission being given, a rush is made to a well-known drawer, where toys are kept for Saturdays, and then all troop on to the verandah "to make tea." Very often some more thoughtful one will prefer to stay with the *ammal* and watch what she is doing, and try to "help"!



This term there are two little Hindu sisters, one a "baby" and the other a girl of about ten years of age. At first these two were very shy, but after a few weeks they also found their way to the bungalow on Saturdays. The elder sister has improved so much since she came to school, the frightened look has left her face, and she now seems quite at home and happy. She already knows a number of hymns, and a little group will often gather round the "baby" organ for a "sing" when tired of play.

It is a great joke to bring the *ammal* a cup of "tea," and some curious concoction to eat, and especially so when the "tea" accidentally (?) gets spilt on the floor instead of down the *ammal's* throat!

A very comical picture might have been seen one Saturday. A "baby," in her anxiety to *help*, sat down on a large bottle of green ink. A basin of water and a piece of soap were brought, and the "babies" were instructed to clean the floor. With a yell of delight all pounced down upon the soap, and began to wash their little brown hands and arms as hard as they could, squatting all round the basin.

On Sunday the "babies" again appear on the verandah, but the scene is changed. Instead of the merry, laughing party, a group of demure "babies" arrive in order, two and two, and sit quietly down outside until told to enter.

They sing a great many hymns, generally without musical accompaniment, as the "babies" are most independent in their method of singing, and refuse to be tied down to time or tune! Next they look at some Bible pictures, and as many questions asked as the *ammal's* limited Tamil will permit. However extraordinary the Tamil may be they never laugh, and should any unfortunate new "baby" dare to do so, she is at once and for ever squashed by the rest. After learning a text they have some more singing and then trot off, generally very reluctantly.

Very little is seen of them until the following Saturday, unless an unexpected half-holiday brings a "Saturday" into the middle of the week.

## Pakhoi Pictures.

BY MRS. HORDER.

### VI.—Slaves and Waifs.

LATE one night there was a rap at the hospital gate at Pakhoi, and a voice was heard calling, "Let me in; let me in." The door was opened and there stood a poor girl, about eighteen years of age, weak and footsore, begging for admission.

She was a slave, one of twenty belonging to a rich man named Wong, living at Limchau, a city fifteen miles distant. She said that her master was very cruel. He had recently drowned one of his slaves in a large tank of water, and had beaten another to death. A-Kwong, for that was the girl's name, said that she had been tied up by her feet to the roof of the house, and had several times been most severely beaten, and thinking that she would soon be killed, seized the next opportunity she had to run away.

A-Kwong having heard of the hospital at Pakhoi, fled there for refuge. It was impossible to turn a deaf ear to her entreaties, so a bed was given her in a small women's ward. For a month she hid herself in the corner, being fearful lest she should be recognized as Mr. Wong's slave! However, her cruel master soon found out where A-Kwong had taken refuge, and sent some men to fetch her home.

A-Kwong positively refused to accompany them, saying she would sooner die than return. Mr. Wong then sent women messengers, with all kinds of promises of better treatment and future marriage if only she would go back. But the slave knew the character of her master too well, and was not to be thus deceived. At last Mr. Wong became very angry, and said that even though it cost him hundreds of dollars, he would make her return. He said he had prepared large chains, which were to be made red-hot and fastened upon her.

At the time Mr. Wong was trying to buy a small mandarinship for himself, and he felt that if the officials knew that he could not rule his own household they would

imagine that he would be unable to govern others. He therefore determined to make every effort to get his slave back.

At last the matter was taken before the British Consul and the Pakhoi magistrate. It was important to find A-Kwong's mother, so that she should give evidence regarding the sale of her daughter.

The mother's story was this :—Some eight years previously, the father, wishing to raise some money, sold the girl to Mrs. Wong, the mother of the man above mentioned, to be

*A-Kwong with her Mother and Brother.*



her adopted daughter. During Mrs. Wong's lifetime, A-Kwong was very happy, being well treated and she received good clothes and food. It was after Mrs. Wong's death that the son, being jealous of the affection which had been bestowed on A-Kwong, beat her and treated her most unkindly.

The Limchau officials, knowing the character of Mr. Wong, determined to save the poor slave if they could. For eighteen months many letters passed between consul and mandarin concerning the girl.



*A-Kwong and her Husband, Pakhoi.*

Meanwhile A-Kwong in our girls' school was learning to read and write, to make her clothes, to make lace, and to do other useful things. At last word was received that A-Kwong must leave the hospital compound, but that if the missionaries liked to marry her to someone they were at liberty to do so. A-Kwong, however, did not wish to marry a coolie who at the time was seeking a wife, so the magistrate said he should find her a husband!

It was a sorrowful day when she had to leave her happy refuge, for she knew not what awaited her. She was well received by the wives of the Limchau magistrate, and the same night they betrothed her to a young



*Little Waifs and Castaways,  
Pakhoi.*

mandarin. Within a week A-Kwong was married, and thus was quickly changed from the position of a slave to that of a rich man's wife!

Mr. Ng, her husband, was greatly pleased with his bride, and wrote a grateful letter to thank the missionaries at Pakhoi for having trained her so well, for he said she was such "an obedient wife"!

A few months later Mr. and Mrs. Ng visited us at the hospital, and he was much gratified with all he saw and heard, and was quite pleased to "sit" to have his photograph taken! A-Kwong told us she regularly read her Bible and remembered to keep the Sabbath-day holy. We



*Two Little Waifs, Pakhoi.*

pray that both the husband and wife may become true servants of the Lord Jesus.

Many poor little babies and sick or blind children are each year cast outside the hospital gate by their cruel mothers or guardians. In the pictures five are represented. Two of these poor little girls are blind, and are now in the German school for blind girls in Kowloon. Some of the babies we have adopted have died from the neglect and exposure they received before having been cast away.

Truly "the dark places of the earth are full of cruelty." We must pray that the time will soon come when the Gospel will be proclaimed in the remotest parts of China, and that these poor people will learn to worship the only true God.

## The Editor's Notes.

WE have once more to tell you of our two great annual gatherings in Exeter Hall, called the "Farewell Meetings," when we come together to say "good-bye" to our brothers and sisters who are going forth for Christ's sake "to the uttermost parts of the earth." Altogether 182 missionaries have gone out this autumn—111 returning to their work, and 71 going out for the first time.



On the first night, Wednesday, October 7th, we said good-bye to those about to sail for Palestine, Egypt, Turkish Arabia, India, and Mauritius. The missionaries all sat on the platform, and each rose for a minute as his or her name was called out, so that we might see their faces and remember them better in our prayers. We would like to report to you every word of this intensely interesting meeting, but, alas! we have only space for a few tit-bits!



The REV. LL. H. GWYNNE pleaded for the great dark land of the Soudan. If ever a country had been given to England, surely that country was the Soudan. When that great Christian hero, General Gordon, died, the feeling everywhere was that, "Where the body of Gordon lay, the flag

of England should fly." The Soudan consists of two great races—the Arabs and the Negroes. The Arabs are Mohammedans, the Negroes are Pagans (i.e. idolaters). But have you ever realized that the Soudan was once a Christian land? Ruins of Christian churches are to be found in some places even now. "The sight of them challenges us to regain the land for Christ."



MISS BLAND, who has been working for thirty years amongst the women of India, told us that she was going back again for the *fifth* time! She spoke so happily of the warm welcome that was awaiting her on the other side,—a welcome from her Hindu and Mohammedan friends, from the school-children, and best of all from her Christian friends. If you could see the contrast between these Christian women and their fellow-country women, you would indeed think Missions worth while!

But there was also a note of sadness in her address as she told us something that I am sure will astonish you! There are no less than 588 *widows in India under one year old, and 6,844 under five years*. To those who know anything of the terrible lot of Indian widows these facts speak for themselves.



On the following night, Thursday, we met again in Exeter Hall to say good-bye to the missionaries sailing for Africa, China, Japan, and Ceylon. Great interest was shown when one of the new missionaries was introduced as the son of Bishop Hannington, that noble martyr for Christ in Uganda. He is going to the very land where his father laid down his life, and in a few earnest words he reminded us how much all missionaries were dependent on *our prayers*.



Let this, then, be the message of the Farewell Meetings to you and me. Pray for those who are going out, and ask that God will richly bless them and make them a blessing, and ask that many more labourers may be sent forth into the Harvest, remembering the millions of Heathen who are yet untouched.

## Learning to Walk.

V.

FOR our next lesson in walking I want you to read very carefully Ephes. v. 2, noting specially three words: "walk"—"love"—"hath given" [or "gave"]. We will take *love* first. The Greek word used for "love" in the New Testament is one which was unknown before the time of Christ. It was quite a new idea. Great men have made wonderful "inventions" at different times, but none as wonderful as this, which was given to the world by the Lord Jesus. All true love is from Him. Is it found in our lives?

This brings me to the next word—*walk*. We have been using it to describe the daily life, but I am afraid "trample" would be a better description of how some people go through the world, not thinking who may be hurt by their heavy tread or their sharp elbows! Now, we don't want to be sharp-cornered, pushing people like that, do we? We want to "walk in love," changing frowns into smiles wherever we go, and letting the joy and love that is in us shine out upon others.

And now for our other word—*gave*. Love is not merely a feeling; it shows itself in what we *do*. What does our text say? "Walk in love, as Christ also hath loved us, and hath given Himself for us." Love that *gives* is true love.

All the wonderful work of the Moravian Missions began from the sight of a picture with two short lines written under it. A gay and wealthy young German nobleman stood before a picture of the Crucifixion, under which was written,—

"All this I did for thee:  
What hast thou done for Me?"

He there and then consecrated his life to God's service; and the work that he started has reached to the uttermost parts of the earth.

Let us pray that God's love may take root in our hearts too, and control our daily "walk," showing itself in *working* and *praying* and *giving* on behalf of those who do not yet know the Saviour. W.

## The Meerut Cricket Team.

BY MRS. HALL.

ON the next page there is a picture of an Indian cricket team. They belong to the C.M.S. High School at Meerut, in the United Provinces of Agra and Oudh.

The headmaster, Mr. Har Saran, whom you see at the back, is a convert from Hinduism and has given up a great deal for Christ. While in charge of the school, he was perfectly devoted to it, but could only think of one thing at a time.

Every year the school joins in a tournament with other schools of the same district at various centres, and then it used to be a lesson in enthusiasm to see Mr. Har Saran.

In the picture you see the team in their winter coats of cloth or padded cotton, but for the sports Mr. Har Saran provided them, partly out of his own pocket, with jerseys and caps to match, and very smart they looked. He accompanied them himself to the place of meeting, shared their dormitory, watched every contest, provided a servant to cook for them, and had prayers with them morning and evening. They never returned without winning honour, either in cricket, jumping, or parallel bars.

During the year they often play teams from the English regiments in Meerut, and Mr. Har Saran could not rest till the school was fully provided with gymnastic apparatus for daily practice.

These boys do all their lessons (except their language lessons in Persian and Arabic) in English, and the school opens daily with an hour's Bible-lesson. I have corrected their examination papers more than once, and have been astonished at their answers on difficult books like the Epistle to the Ephesians and the *Pilgrim's Progress*. Sometimes, of course, their mistakes in English are rather amusing, as when, being examined on "Horatius," and being asked to explain the lines, "In haste they girded up their robes and hid them to the wall," one answered, "They took off their great-coats and hung them on a nail in the wall"!

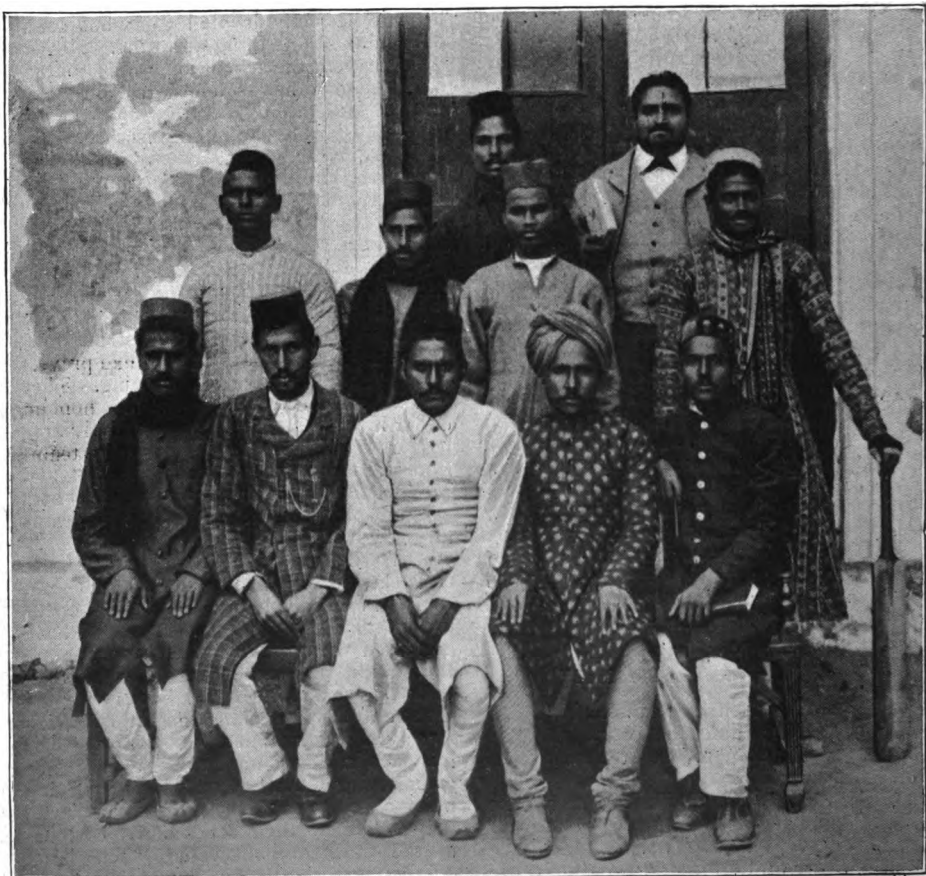
They come from the leading families of Meerut, and many become masters in their turn, so the personal influence a Christian headmaster can gain over them is very important, especially in such a week as that of the athletic contests. More than one, after becoming a master, has asked for baptism. One is at present kept from being baptized by family reasons, and is using his influence in the school for Christ. Will you not pray that the way may soon open for him?

## On the Road again in Persia.

BY THE REV. C. H. STILEMAN.

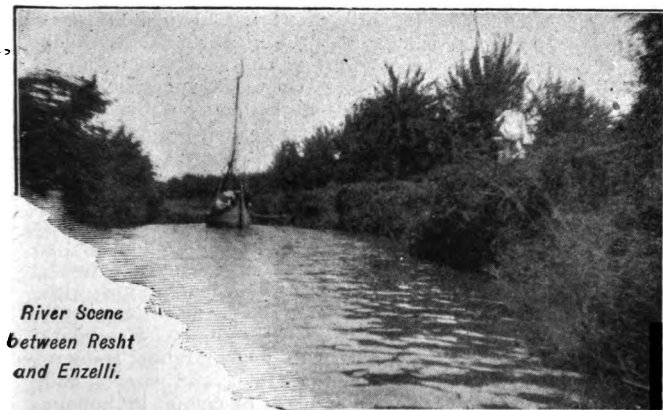
### III.

THE Shah is coming! The Shah is coming! That was the thought in the mind of every man, woman, and child, as I approached the Caspian Sea.



*High School Cricket Team. Meerut.*





River Scene  
between Resht  
and Enzelli.

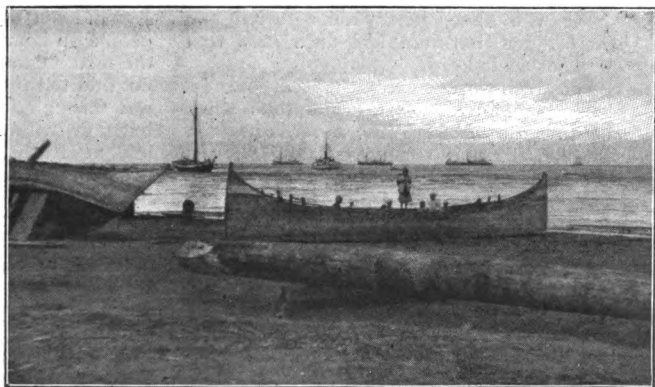
The Shah of Persia had been away in Europe for some months. He had visited our King in August, a few days after the Coronation, and now, in October, he was coming back to his own land and his own people. Everybody was getting ready for his arrival. The roads were being mended (not before they needed it!), triumphal arches were being set up, courtiers were hurrying down from the capital to the coast, horses and mules were being worked to death, and all was bustle and excitement. But no one knew exactly when the Shah would come. Every one had been warned to be ready for his appearing, but no one knew the hour or even the day when they might expect him. Some said he was even then on the Caspian Sea, others that he had not yet started from Russia, others again that he had actually landed on Persian soil. All, however, agreed that within a few days he would be on his way to the capital, and they knew that *they* must be ready, and must *make his way ready*.

How it made me long that the subjects of the King of Kings were equally prepared to welcome Him! He has told us to be ready for His appearing, He has warned us not to be like the foolish virgins, who all slumbered and slept instead of waiting for the Bridegroom. He

has given us signs that we may know that He is coming soon, and He has told us not only to be



Old Lighthouse, Enzelli.  
(See page 171.)



Flat-bottomed Boats, Enzelli.

ready ourselves, but to *prepare His way* by telling others that He Who came into this world to save sinners is coming again with His saints to reign in glory.

Why! is that not the meaning of all our missionary work? We are preaching His Gospel to prepare for His Coming. And we, like the Persians waiting for their Shah, do not know exactly when He will come. But we know, as Archbishop Benson said, that "He *must* come some day, and *may* come any day." If we always remember that, surely we shall try to do what the Persians were doing, and prepare the way for our King. They were not all doing the same kind of work, but they were all helping to get ready for the Shah's coming. And we may all do something to prepare the way of Christ. Some can collect money in their missionary-boxes, some can get things ready for the Sale of Work, some can read about the work the missionaries are doing, and tell others about it. And *all* can pray to God to pour out His Holy Spirit upon missionaries and converts and inquirers, upon Jews, Mohammedans, and Heathen, upon hospitals, schools, and churches. In these and other ways we may all help to prepare the way for Christ's Kingdom to be established. And we should certainly pray earnestly that God may bless His Church throughout the whole world, that all Christians may be as those who have their "loins girded and their lights burning, like unto men that wait for their Lord."

But we must come back to our journey. I had been a full month on the road when I came down from the mountains, and passing through the great belt of forest near the Caspian Sea, arrived at Resht. There are all kinds of wild animals in that great forest, including wild boars, wolves, hyænas, lynxes, leopards, and even tigers. Bears are found higher up in the mountains.

Every time I have visited Resht its streets have been deep in mud, the rain has come down in torrents, and the country all round has been a wet marsh.

There are some 30,000 people in Resht, but it is a feverish, unhealthy place, and I

was not sorry that I was obliged to press on at once to Enzelli, about twenty miles farther, where I was to meet the steamer bringing the party of missionaries from home. At Resht I said good-bye to my caravan. I had to drive six miles in a very rickety carriage, then I got into a native boat to go five miles down a creek which leads to a lagoon, across which a steam-launch takes passengers the remaining ten miles to Enzelli.

Muzaffar-ud-din Shah had now arrived, and boats were going backwards with princes and governors and important people of every description. The boats were dressed with flags, rainbow fashion, and the landing-stage and streets and offices were a blaze of colour in honour of the returning king. Enzelli was crowded with people for the occasion, and the hotel being full I had to make the most of a very damp, unhealthy room in a small house occupied by some Armenians. There was a tremendous storm with a hurricane of wind and torrents of rain when I went out at 5.30 the next morning to meet the mail steamer. The weather was so bad that for hours it was impossible for any passengers to come on shore, or for any one to go out to the steamer, which was tossing and rolling the other side of the bar, more than a mile from the landing-stage. It was not until 2.30 in the afternoon that I found out that there were no English people on board, and that I must wait for the next steamer, a few days later. It did not add to my comfort that I had then been wet through for nine hours, and that my baggage with my dry clothing had been left at Resht, twenty miles away. The mission party did not even arrive by the next steamer, having been delayed in Russia, and it was not until the ninth day of my stay at Enzelli that I was able to welcome them. It had rained heavily nearly every day, and there had been two very severe storms during that time.

I did not much enjoy my "holiday at the seaside," but I had opportunities of seeing and talking to a good many of the people, and giving the Gospel message to

boatmen, shopkeepers, officials, and others. Some of them listened very attentively, and others were only anxious to argue.

I was not sorry when the Shah and his court left Enzelli on their way to Teheran, for the place was unpleasantly crowded while they were there.

I must not stop to tell you about the fishermen with their flat-bottomed boats and their cast-nets, or about my experiences out at sea in small native boats when I went out to meet the steamers, but I think I must say something about the old lighthouse at Enzelli (see picture on page 169), which seemed to me to speak a parable. In the first place, it gives no light, and has given none for years. Then it is overgrown with weeds and bushes. A bush is growing out at the top, just below the disused lantern, other shrubs are peeping out at the sides, and the steps up to the door being blocked up with vegetation, prove that no one is in the habit of going up. The lighthouse looks imposing enough from a distance in the daytime; it lifts its head high above the surrounding buildings. But *it gives no light*, and therefore does not fulfil the purpose for which it was built.

I could not help thinking this lighthouse was just like an ancient Church, intended to give light to the world around, but overgrown with superstition, and its steps blocked up with ignorance and prejudice; built by Christ to give light to those in darkness, but, alas! giving no light at all. But stop a minute! Is not that lighthouse like every individual Christian who is not letting his or her light shine for Christ? Did not our Master say, "Ye are the light of the world"? Are we not *all* called upon to shine for Him, "you in your small corner, I in mine"?

It is only by the Spirit of God that we can do so. Let us ask Him to make each one of us a burning and a shining lamp (see St. John v. 35, *R.V.*), that we may not be like the Enzelli lighthouse, but that we may fulfil the purpose for which we were redeemed.

## School-Children at Sagalla.

BY MISS A. DRAKE, SAGALLA,  
EAST AFRICA.

IT is 7 a.m., the bell is ringing for prayers, and the people are gathering on the front verandah. There are a good number of the school-children, also men and women; the few famine-orphan sit. We have a short service in Kiswahili; all join in the singing. By 8.45 we are in school (which at present, for want of another building, is held in church). Till eleven all are busy in their classes; then the bell rings for attention, and as each row hears the word "Forward," the forms are quickly emptied. For fifteen minutes they let off steam and enjoy their play just like English children, then till twelve there is arithmetic, the lesson my own class enjoys the best. School is empty now but for the four orphan girls.

As there is an interval till 2 p.m. we have time to look at them: you have seen them all before in THE ROUND WORLD [see September number, 1901]. Mkauganga, my own special child, has grown quite womanly; she is small and stout, with a round, bright, intelligent face. Beside her is Wauda, rather slight and more childish, not nearly so quick at lessons. These two are like sisters, and always ask to be dressed alike; they are always clean, and both sew very nicely now and can make a good part of their dresses. I often have them in for a talk, and both, especially the former, show many evidences of a desire to follow the Master. They now come to the baptism class, and I would ask you to join with us in prayer that the Holy Spirit may open their hearts to receive the "truth as it is in Jesus."

They are just as full of fun as can be. Yesterday I gave each of them a doll, kindly given me by Mrs. Peel, and I wish the friends who dressed them could have seen with what delight they saw that their under-garments were just like Bibi's. To-day being a holiday, they have gone for a walk with the dolls fastened on their backs like the native babies.

Here is Mabemba, excitable and very

affectionate, and Kaiki (the baby), or Miss Curiosity as she loves to be called. I gave her the name, as she wants to know everything, and she is quite proud of it.

Curiosity always brings my hat and helps, or rather hinders, me while I put away the books, &c. Now the two little ones struggle as to who shall hold my hand, and when this is settled we mount the hill home.

It is 2 p.m. and we are again in school, and now I want to take you to the sewing-class and introduce you to two Wasagalla girls, Kanyapi and Wauda Mahindi; they have bright faces, but they wear the native short kilt and a piece of cloth round their shoulders. They are special friends of mine, and make great efforts to come to school. They sew very nicely and have only been learning a short time. At 4 p.m. school is over for the day, and now the children are free to play, and have besides sundry little duties to perform.

At 7.30 p.m. we again assemble on the verandah for prayers, this time in Kisagalla, and only a few of the school-children are present.

Yesterday six of the children were taken to Frere Town, as the C.M.S. Committee have decided there is to be only one Home for orphans. We miss them

very much, especially Miss Curiosity. But we still have Mkauganga, Wauda, and one of the boys, Mwadime. I hope we may in due course have the joy of seeing them baptized and living and working amongst their people for the advancement of Christ's Kingdom.

## In a Shanghai Day-School.

BY MISS ONYON.

**I** DARE SAY many of the readers of THE ROUND WORLD attend a day-school, and perhaps have been photographed with their school-fellows at one time or another. This month you see (on page 173) a picture of a Chinese day-school in Shanghai, and I think you will like to hear a little about some of the scholars.

They are all girls in the photograph, and many of them very dear, loving children, full of fun and frolic, and also fond of their lessons, but, alas! nearly all of them have their poor little feet bound, and are never really out of pain.

In the top row on the left-hand side is the Chinese teacher, Miss Woo, and just below her is a very dear little girl, called

Ah Lee. She is the eldest of four girls and one precious baby-boy. Ah Lee has been in our day-school for four years and can read and write very well. She knows the four gospels almost by heart, and many of the Old Testament stories, but best of all she loves the Lord Jesus, and when she left school last year asked to be baptized. Her father was quite willing for her to become a Christian, but she was then hardly old enough to be baptized as an adult, so



*East African School-children.*



*C.M.S. Day-school, Shanghai, 1907.*

as she was going to a boarding-school to finish her education and learn English, it was thought best for her to wait a little. As at the end of the year she was still very anxious to be baptized, and seemed quite to understand what she was about, she was baptized one Sunday afternoon, much to her own and our great joy and thankfulness.

Ah Lee's next sister is standing at the end of the third row; her name is Ah Nyi. She hopes to join her sister next year at boarding-school, and is also very anxious to become a Christian. There is only one other baptized girl in the school, and she is kneeling in the front row on the left-hand corner; she is the teacher's youngest sister, and daughter of one of our Bible-women. Her baptismal name is Fok-Yung, or Gospel, but she is always called by her pet name, "Mau-Noen," which means

"Precious child." Mau-Noen is so bright and loves her lessons. She is in a class with girls several years older; she is only eight years old, and is, I am sorry to say, very delicate, and often obliged to be away from school on that account. She, too, is to go to boarding-school soon; I hope she will get stronger there. All the other girls come from heathen homes, but our one wish and prayer is that they may learn to love the Lord Jesus whilst in the school, and when they are old enough may decide for themselves to become Christians.

The girls very seldom stay with us more than three or four years, but they learn a good deal in that time. Many of them have bought New Testaments and hymn-books for themselves, and love to sing hymns and come to Sunday-school and children's service on Sundays.

We have a Christmas treat for our

school-children every year, and are so glad to receive dolls, scarves, and other presents from English children to give to the girls. The last Christmas treat I was present at we had fish-ponds and let the children fish for their presents; they enjoyed the fun and novelty very much. We also tried to teach them some English games, "blind man's buff" and "musical chairs," but it was a little difficult for them to run about with their small feet. Pray for the day-schools in heathen lands, that God may lead many of the scholars to know and love Him.

## Two Sick Lads.

BY MISS E. M. BREWER, BUSOGA,  
UGANDA, CENTRAL AFRICA.

[Some of our readers will have heard of a dreadful disease in Africa called the "sleeping sickness." It is a long, sad illness, for which no cure has yet been found. In the following letter you will read of two boys whom Miss Brewer came across when cycling. How different is their lot from that of sick children at home!—ED.]

WE went along a lovely road, through forest almost all the way; it was the prettiest ride that I had ever taken, and quite a good track, though narrow, for cycling. As we were going through the forest, we caught sight of a little figure under a tree. We jumped off our bicycles and found it was a little chap, about six years of age, looking as thin as the photographs that one sees of little famine children. He was quite naked, and only covered with a tiny bit of ragged bark-cloth. He was rather frightened of us, but we got out of him that he had come from Mengo, they had driven him away because he was ill, and that he was very, very hungry. Then, tired of being questioned, he said, "Leave me alone," and threw his little bit of bark-cloth over his head and would not talk any more. We saw at once that he had the dreaded sleeping sickness, but we could not possibly leave him there on the wet ground to die. We only had two boys with us, and they could not, and would not, carry him. One cannot wonder at the Baganda fearing the sickness, for it is *always* fatal;

but the way in which they drive the poor victims away is dreadfully cruel. Had we not come by, this little chap must have died of starvation.

We decided to hurry on to Mukono and try and get help from there from the chief man of the place; but when we had gone on a few miles, many people from Mukono came out to meet us and greet us, and thank us for coming. Amongst them were two men who looked very nice, so we asked them to go and find the little boy and bring him to Mukono. We told them to make a hammock of a bark-cloth, so that they could carry him without touching him. The men were quite pleased and went off at once, so we were able to go on quite happily. . . . The two men turned up with our little boy. His eyes simply shone at the sight of food, and he edged nearer and nearer. He was such a little object. We were afraid to give him much food at the time, for he was quite starving. Having eaten he said, "I want the fire," and went up to our little candle-lantern, and stretched out his little thin hands. Then we called the chief man, and he showed us a grass hut in which he might sleep. One of our boys made a little fire for him, and he warmed his little naked body all over; he must have got dreadfully chilled lying for so long on the wet ground. . . .

*The next day.*—He looks much happier to-day; he had a good breakfast and is now sleeping, wrapped up in one of the tent-sacks. We heard that there was another little sleeping-sickness lad for whom they had built a little grass hut, and they took him food every day. Two of the lady missionaries took our little lad to this hut, where they found the other little sufferer soundly asleep, and a supply of food put ready for his use. Our little chap went straight up to this and began to eat, and then said, "Give me fire." They brought him some reeds, and he soon made such a large fire that they feared he would burn the hut down. It was a most pathetic sight to see these two tiny children. They gave our child a bark-cloth, and with fire, food, and a companion he seemed perfectly content, but it was sad to be obliged to leave them without any proper care.



## Our Holiday.

BY MISS M. H. LAURENCE, MEERUT,  
NORTH INDIA.

**I**N India, you know, boys and girls cannot live in the plains all the hot weather, so one of the hardest things missionaries have to do for Jesus' sake is to send their little children away to school in the hills for nine months of the year. Two such little ones, Gracie and Rex, aged six and four and a half, are at school where I am spending my holiday, and I want to tell you how we spent their midsummer holiday of *one week*!

We planned a trip right into the mountains, forty miles each way. We—their father, another lady missionary, and myself, and Gracie and Rex—started off, father on a pony, we packed two and two into *rickshaws*, which are like big bath-chairs, pushed by four men called coolies, in *very* dirty clothes. Our luggage (bedding and clothes) was strapped on two mules, and our food was carried in a pointed basket on a man's back. How funny we looked! First, father on a brown pony, then Rex and his lady, then Gracie and I, our “bath-chair” loaded with rug and pillow, cloaks and sun-umbrellas, and lunch-basket.

We used to go about ten miles a day, with a delightful picnic under the trees by the roadside, and sleep in a “rest-house,” kept by Government for travellers. The roads are only as wide as footpaths, along the sides of high hills, now up, now down. How our coolies would run when it was down-hill! Sometimes we would walk for a bit, and Gracie and Rex take turns to ride father's pony, who would walk soberly along at the very edge of the path; we picked wild roses and violets, and maiden-hair fern to press. All the nice, friendly hill people we met used to look so hard at our children; they did not often see English boys and girls. Then we would get into our “perambulators” again and tell stories and sing, and try to learn words of the coolies' talk till picnic-time.

Often we saw a big white stone set up, and many red and white rags flying from sticks and bushes near and we were told

they were the poor hill people's offerings to their false gods. And once we saw a Mohammedan kneeling on his mat under a tree saying his prayers, but, I am sorry to say, he was looking round, “not attending”! Another day we met a man walking along muttering prayers as he went and turning a small wheel in his hand, and we knew it was what is called a “prayer-wheel,” and that he believed every time it turned so many prayers went up to God; just as if you were to write, “Please give me some bread-and-butter,” on a piece of paper and wave it in the air when you were hungry instead of asking father. So we were reminded that we were in a land of darkness, and that we had come to bring the Light. And when one day Gracie said, “This is all *our* country, isn't it?” we remembered that God had given us this vast land of India, so we are specially bound to bring the Light to it.

We walked one day on the high-road to the great closed land, Tibet, and we got so high up that there was nothing between us and the mighty snow mountains. Then we turned and came back home, with rosy cheeks and sun-browned faces and hands, after our happy picnic of a whole week.

## Sowers' Band Notes.

**O**UR Sowers have not, as a rule, much to report during the summer months, but the subjoined list will show that they have not been altogether idle!

SALES OF WORK.—*St. Mary's, Doncaster*, £30; *Branstone, Lincoln*, £1 13s.; *St. John's, Hatherleigh*, £6; *Christ Church, Folkestone*, Section A, £2 13s., and Section D, £3 14s.

The following sums have been received for O.O.M.:—*St. Mary's, Doncaster*, 10s.; *Holy Trinity, Tulse Liill*, 10s.; *Gravesend*, £4; *Hatherleigh*, £6.

This report will find our Sowers in the full swing of their winter's work. May we remind the secretaries of the great “Forward Movement” now taking place in connexion with the special appeal put forward by the C.M.S.? “Half as many again” is the keynote of this movement, and one of our Sowers' Bands has already taken it up as their watchword. Speaking of their last Sale of Work the Secretary

writes: "We shall aim to get at least half as much again next spring."

We hope that many others will follow their example. We also ask your earnest prayers for a special effort we are making to increase the number of Bands all over the country, by means of an appeal to the Gleaners' Union secretaries. Let us ask that, if it is God's will, we may be able to report next spring "half as many again" Bands as there were last year. We do so desire that the boys and girls should have their share in this great Forward Movement.

### NEW BANDS.

Holy Trinity, Ipswich: *Secr.* Miss M. Williamson, Holy Trinity Vicarage, Ipswich; Miss D. Biddell, Upland Gate, Ipswich.  
St. John's, Overton, Sheffield: *Secr.* Mrs. Barlow, 128, Greaves Street, Walkley, Sheffield.

Two other Bands were formed in the spring, but by some oversight were not entered with the rest in THE ROUND WORLD. They are:—

Bristol, Railway Mission Band: *Secr.* Miss G. Browne, 2, Clifton Grove, Bristol.  
Ashbourne, "Parwick" Band: *Secr.* Miss L. W. Lewis, Bradbourne Hall, Ashbourne.

## RESULTS OF MISSIONARY PRIZE COMPETITION.—V.

### Painted Cards.

#### SENIOR DIVISION.

##### PRIZES.

{ CONSTANCE GERTRUDE LOADER (aged 14), Brighton.  
EMILY BOWMAR ROGERSON (aged 15), Wrockwardine Wood, near Wellington.

#### HIGHLY COMMENDED. (In order of merit.)

Janet Lloyd, Millicent Beatrice Stacey, (Hester Clive Mann, Ethel Mary Mann), Winifred Clara Hills, George Hurrell, Emmie Blades.

#### COMMENDED. (In order of merit.)

Cecily J. Dibben, Rosa Hart, Edith M. Wiseman, Constance M. Chapman.

#### JUNIOR DIVISION.

##### FIRST PRIZE.

GWENDOLINE A. WATKINS (aged 12), Blackheath, S.E.

##### SECOND PRIZE.

KATHLEEN HAMILTON (aged 10), Portrush.

#### COMMENDED. (In order of merit.)

Joyce E. Wolton, Violet Constance Rogerson, Esther Mary Macdonald, Johnny Clapton, Gladys Dewar, (A. Clapton, Anne Eileen Davies).

## SCRIPTURE CLOCK COMPETITION.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1903.

*Seniors* to draw a clock and fill in texts. *Juniors* to write only the texts, without drawing the clock.

### THE WORD FOR NOVEMBER—"GRACE."

Twelve texts should be found containing the word "grace," of one, two, three, or more words, as the case may be, to correspond with the numbers on the face of a clock.

Papers, marked outside, "Scripture Clock Competition," should reach the Editor of THE ROUND WORLD, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., on or before November 30th.

(For Rules, see July number.)

## FOREIGN COMPETITION.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1903.

(Open to all readers living abroad, EXCLUDING EUROPE.)

*Seniors* to find the references to all the following texts; *Juniors* to find all except those marked thus \*.

- Accepted in the beloved. (Epistles.)
- \*Satisfied with favour. (Deuteronomy.)
- With favour wilt Thou compass him. (Psalms.)
- Justified freely. (Epistles.)
- Thou hast found favour with God. (Gospels.)
- \*In His favour is life. (Psalms.)
- Thou hast granted me life and favour. (Job.)
- \*The gift of God. (Epistles.)
- Freely ye have received, freely give. (Gospels.)

Papers, marked outside, "Foreign Competition," to be posted to the Editor of THE ROUND WORLD, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., within a month after THE ROUND WORLD has been received.

## REQUESTS for PRAISE and PRAYER.

PRAISE.—(1) That A-Kwong was rescued from slavery and has learnt about God (pages 163—166). (2) For the missionaries going out this autumn (page 167).

PRAYER.—(1) That the Chinese may soon learn to worship the one True God (page 166). (2) That God will raise up many more missionaries, and provide the means for their support (page 166). (3) That all Christians may be earnest in preparing the way for our King's return (pages 168—170). (4) That many of the Mission school children at Palamcottah, Sagalla, and Shanghai may learn to love their Saviour (pages 171—174).

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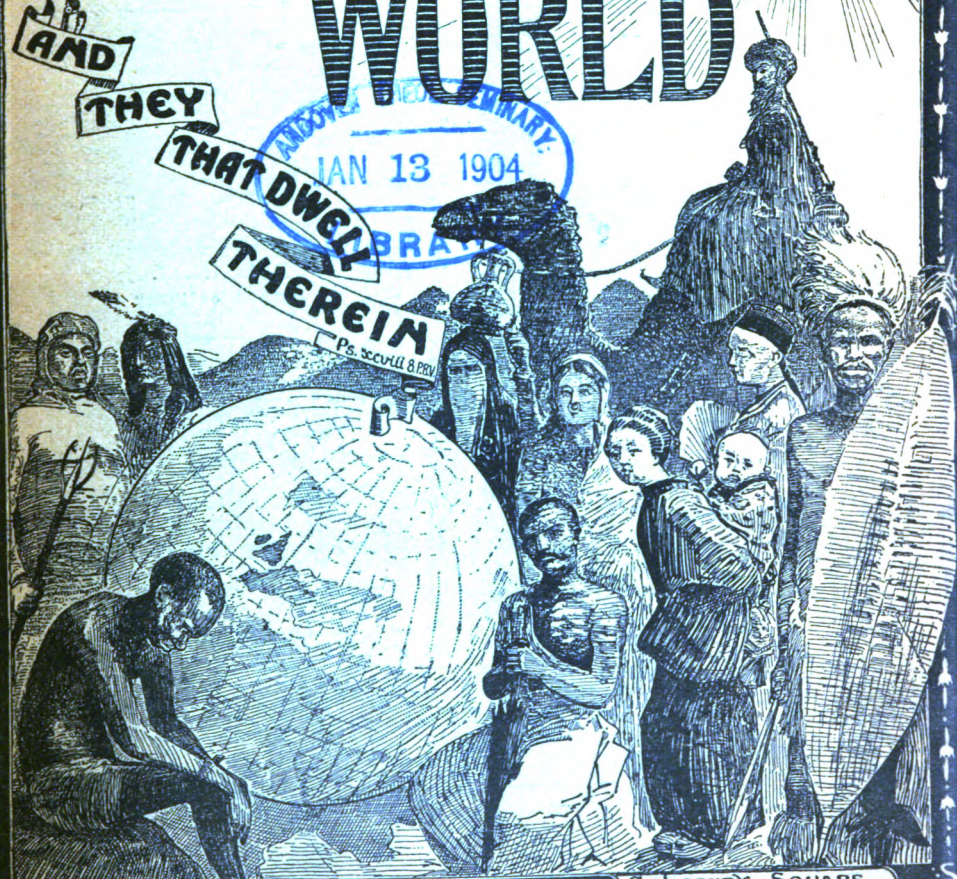
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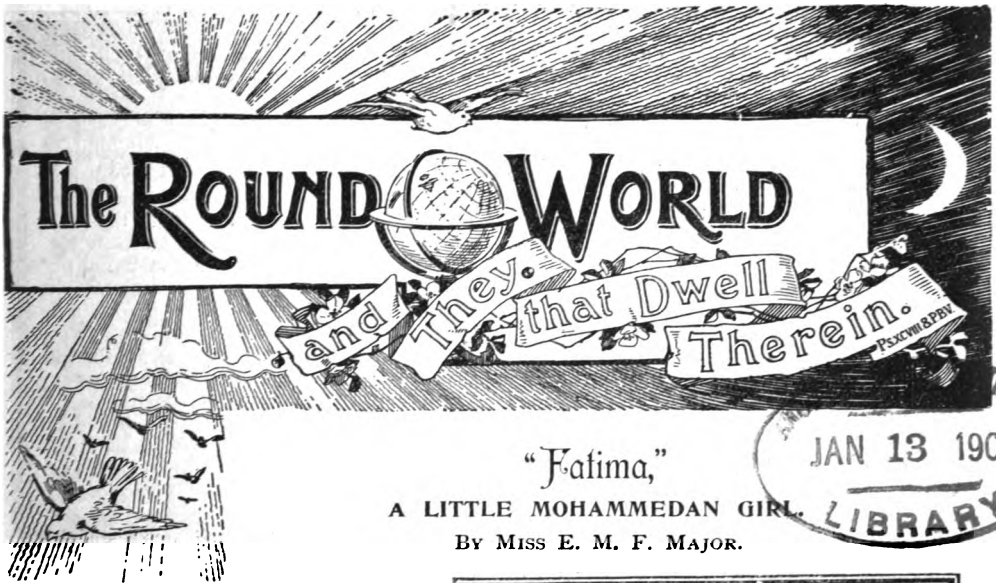
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## "Fatima,"

A LITTLE MOHAMMEDAN GIRL.

By Miss E. M. F. Major.

"**F**ATIMA! why, that is the name of Bluebeard's wife in the fairy-book," says somebody, and so it is. But my little Fatima, whom you see on this page, is not a fairy-story child, but a *real*, dear little girl. She lives in India, where we find not only heathen people, but also many Mohammedans, whose sacred book is called the Koran. You will see that little Fatima is wearing a funny square locket with two curved ivory points sticking out of it. This is a kind of charm, and contains a paper on which are written some words out of the Koran, which her parents hope will keep little Fatima from sickness. I wish you could have seen her the day her picture was taken! She looks rather frightened here, but was really such a pretty little girl and looked a darling in her green silk frock with red and yellow patterns on it, a black velvet jacket and cap all embroidered and bordered with gold, and silver necklaces, bracelets, and anklets jingling as she walked. You see her dear



Little "Fatima."



little feet have no shoes on, but though Indian children run barefoot, they often wear anklets, and even toe-rings, reminding one of the "old lady" who had "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes."

I shall always remember little Fatima, because she was the first person in India to whom I was able to teach something about the dear Lord Jesus. These are the words I taught her first: "Chhoṭe larkoṇ ko mere pās āne do?" Who can guess what text that is? I think someone is sure to guess: "Suffer little children to come unto Me," and that is right. "And *has* Fatima come to Jesus, and *does* she love Him?" Well, I grieve to say that this dear little one went away after about a year, and as her father does not like us to go to his house, we are not able to teach her any more, and fear she will forget all she learnt. Someone may be inclined to ask, "Was it any good teaching her at all then?" I will tell you what I think. You all know how a chain is made up of separate little links, don't you? And one link all by itself is no good, but one after another linked together make a strong, useful chain. God often uses different things in people's lives, one after another, as little links in a chain to draw them near to Himself, and it cheers me to think that perhaps the teaching He let me give Fatima will be just one such little link, and someone else may add another and then another, until the dear child is drawn close to Jesus. Will you pray that it may be so?

---

**Plans for 1904.**—The arrangements for our Magazine next year are well in hand. Our leading serial will be "The Story of the Months," by the Rev. A. E. Richardson. Then we shall have six papers from a missionary in China, called, "In My Chair," followed by six from an Indian missionary on some gods of India. The Rev. A. G. Dodderidge has promised to write six short papers, which we trust may be a help to you in your daily life; in the latter half of the year these papers will be written by the Rev. A. Stewart. For our little people we hope to have six papers from China, and six from Japan. Our Sowers' Band page, competitions, and general information will go on as usual. Will each reader try to get *one* other to take in our paper?

## Learning to Walk.

### VI.

**W**E now come to our last "walking-lesson." In Gal. v. 16 you find these words: "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust (desire) of the flesh."

Our whole life consists in the pursuit of *desires*. You can tell any one's character, and almost foretell his future, if you know what are his wishes and ambitions. Now the Apostle, in writing these words, had in his mind the two kinds of desires that rule the actions of men: the desires of our evil nature, and the desires prompted by the Holy Spirit in our hearts. The "fulfilling" of the former leads to death (see Gal. vi. 8), while the "fulfilling" of the latter leads to life.

How can we destroy these desires of the flesh and prevent their "fulfilment"? Let us answer by another question. What does the walker do who wants to train himself for long and vigorous exercise? He leaves the smoky town and stuffy office and goes to some breezy, bracing place, where he can get his lungs full of the pure, life-giving air, which seems to drive out all fatigue, and breathe health and strength into his whole being.

There you have it all. If we want to know "how we ought to walk and to please God," the whole secret lies in *the atmosphere in which we walk*. If it is in the life-giving atmosphere of the Spirit of God that we are walking, the desires of the flesh will not be "fulfilled" in our lives—they will be stifled at the very start. "Walk in the Spirit, and ye shall not fulfil the lust of the flesh." Yield to the influence of the Holy Spirit and you will be able to "walk" to the glory of God. The best climate in the world is no good to a man who keeps all his doors and windows tightly shut and refuses to breathe the pure air. We must open our hearts to the Spirit of God and He will come in and fill us with *Himself*, so that we shall have "power and strength to have victory, and to triumph against the Devil, the world, and the flesh." W.

## On the Road Again in Persia.

BY THE REV. C. H. STILEMAN.

### IV.

NOW we have got to hurry back 500 miles to Ispahan, for the weather will soon be getting cold, and we must cross the mountains before the snow comes.

There are nine of us now in Enzelli, including the grand old veteran Bishop Stuart, who has been a missionary for more than fifty years, and has come back to Persia after visiting both New Zealand and England during his furlough.

It is no longer necessary to crawl along at a mule's pace, for we shall travel on the road made by the Russians from Resht to Teheran, the capital of Persia, and can get carriages and horses on that road. But we are too many to go all together, so we divide into two parties that there may be room for us all at the inns we come to, and enough horses for our carriages. Five of us go on a day in front of the other four, and we have a rickety old carriage and a rough *fourgon*, or waggon without springs, for our baggage, each drawn by four horses abreast. (See picture on page 180.) But our carriage will only hold three people, and that with difficulty, so we take it in turns for two of us to go on the *fourgon* with the servants and baggage, and don't we get well shaken!

We leave Resht in the evening, plough our way through a sea of mud for some distance, and go on all night through a forest by moonlight, only stopping a short time for dinner. (See picture on page 181.) We only just escaped a serious accident that night, our *fourgon* very nearly going over a precipice at the bottom of a steep hill.

Accidents frequently happen on this road, owing to the terrible carelessness of the Persian drivers, who often whip their four horses into a gallop in dangerous places, dash round corners where the road is not much more than a narrow ledge on

the edge of a precipice, and either look behind them or calmly light their pipes, without troubling in the least as to where their horses are going.

Sometimes they get off and hammer at one of the wheels of the carriage with a big stone to try and keep it on a little longer. Constantly they tie up the harness with pieces of string. Even before we were outside the town of Resht, at the beginning of our journey, parts of the harness were being tied up in this way; and in one place where we stopped for dinner, one of our wheels was pulled off to prevent its tumbling off! They do not use any carriage-lamps, but go on in the dark at night and take their chance of accidents. The ladies in our carriage only just escaped injury on one occasion; the driver of the *fourgon* carelessly drove up too fast behind it, and the pole of the *fourgon*, crashing into the back of the carriage, broke it badly, and might easily have broken the backs of those who were driving in it.

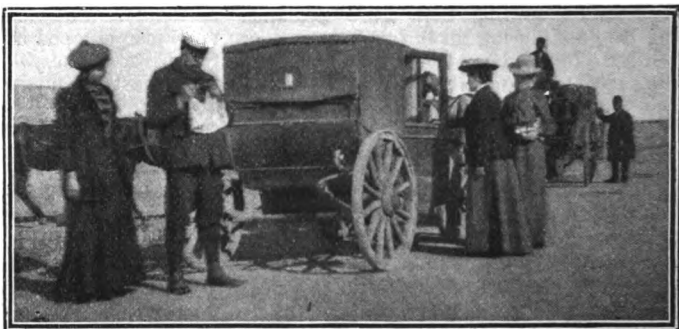
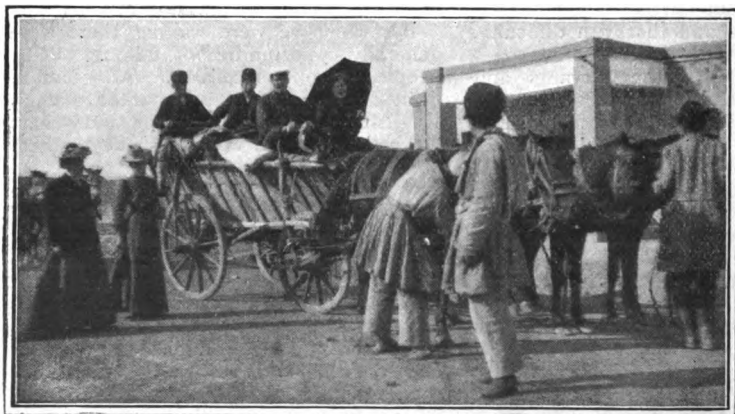
We ought to have reached Teheran in three days, but the Shah, who was on the road in front of us, had taken on nearly all the available horses, which made us lose a great deal of time. At two or three places we were obliged to wait seven or eight hours for tired horses, and once we waited *sixteen* hours before we could get any horses to take us on.

But while we were waiting there were generally opportunities of talking to the people. In one place a man, who had to bring me some change, remarked that all Englishmen were rich, and he and others listened attentively while I spoke to them of Him Who, "though He was rich, yet for our sakes became poor, that we through His poverty might become rich." One of these men went and fetched a Persian New Testament, which he told me he had been reading. At another place the innkeeper, with whom I had a long conversation, brought out a Persian New Testament and asked for some other Christian books.

One night we were stopped by a tremendous thunder-storm, and were fortunate in being able to take refuge for three hours in

*Between Teheran and Isfahan.*

a large tea-house. One of the men in it was pointed out to me as an opium-smoker, and seventeen or eighteen men listened while I told them about the One Who was "manifested to destroy the works of the devil," and Who was able and willing to save *them*. They asked a good many questions and we

*A Broken Carriage.**Our "Fourgon."*

had a long conversation.

On that road we saw more vultures than I had ever seen in my life before. So many horses and other baggage animals had been worked to death, in consequence of the crowd

of people and quantity of baggage travelling with the Shah, that their carcasses were lying, some in the middle of the road and some by the side, and the vultures were having such a feast that many of them were almost too much gorged to get out of our way.



*A Rest by the Wayside.*

the pole with straps and cords from our baggage. We got another pole the next morning, but it broke a few hours later and caused us further delay. We spent Sunday at a place called Sinsin, where there are three good *bala - khanehs*,

We passed forest, mountain, and desert on the way to Teheran, and having arrived there we spent three enjoyable days, including a Sunday, with the American missionaries, who, as usual, were most kind to us. We do thank God for their work in the capital of Persia.

From Teheran it took us twelve days to drive to Ispahan, with a fresh carriage and *fourgon*. Our most unpleasant experience was the first night of the journey, when our driver, who was probably fast asleep, left the road in the dark and brought us down with a crash into a deep ditch. The pole of the carriage was broken in two, and it took us a long time to haul the carriage out of the ditch and tie up



*At Sinsin.*

or upper rooms, and the following Saturday we were not sorry to find ourselves crossing the big bridge over the river which separates Ispahan from Julfa, which told us that our long journey was at last over.



*Bridge over River between Ispahan and Julfa.*

# A Christmas Song.

"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people. For unto you is born this day in the city of David a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. . . . Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."—ST. LUKE ii. 10, 11, 14.

JESUS, King of Christmas,  
On this happy day,  
Cometh where the children,  
Little children, pray;  
As the Holy Child again,  
Though they may not see,  
Speaketh to the children,  
Oh, how tenderly!

Happy, happy Christmas  
Is the children's time,  
Bringing them the Childhood  
Of the Child Divine;  
And their upward greetings,  
Little songs of love,  
Are the Birthday treasures  
That are prized above.

Harken! little children,  
On this gladdest day,  
Jesus, King of Christmas,  
Surely comes to say,  
If you love to help Him,  
Now you may begin,  
As a Babe He started  
In this world of sin!

Happy little singers,  
Can ye hear to-day,  
Little children weeping  
In the land away?  
Louder sounds of crying  
Than your praises ring;  
Will it mar the music  
For the Birthday King?

Unto little children,  
Everywhere is given,  
They should lead the praises  
In the courts of heaven;  
But, ye little singers,  
Yours are drowned to-day  
By the little weepers  
In the lands away.

And the King of Christmas  
From His throne on high,  
Though He loves your singing,  
Hearth, too, the cry  
Of the little children  
Who have never heard  
Of the Child of Christmas,  
Or His Holy Word.

And I think He wonders,  
As He hears you sing,  
If you really love Him,  
Love the children's King,  
How you can leave His children  
In the lands away  
(For He has bought them)  
weeping,  
On this happy day.

"Bring the little children  
Hither unto Me,"  
And we have not brought  
them,  
Those across the sea.  
Though the land of glory  
Is the children's home,  
If the way they know not,  
How are they to come?

And the Christmas angels  
Every Christmas Day  
Kiss the little children,  
Whisper as they pray,  
"As a child to win you,  
Children, Jesus came,  
So to win them for Him  
You must be the same."

All His pain and sadness  
Ended evermore,  
Called He to children  
From the happy shore,

"All My work is finished,  
What I could not do,  
As My Father sent Me,  
Now I'm sending you."

Let us help, oh! children,  
Other voices bring,  
Swell the children's choir,  
Teach them how to sing  
Of the Holy Childhood,  
Little though we know,  
Still we know our Jesus,  
He will show us how.

As once little children  
Lowly when He came  
Riding to Jerusalem  
Did the King proclaim,  
Now before He cometh  
As the Victor-King  
We must go before Him,  
Children, we must sing!

We must haste and tell them  
In the lands away,  
Bid them rise to welcome  
The King on His way—  
Gather them for Jesus  
Out of every land,  
Spread the Christmas mes-  
sage,  
Swell the singing band.

Harken! little children,  
On this gladdest day,  
Jesus, King of Christmas,  
Surely comes to say,  
If you love to help Him,  
Now you must begin.  
As a Babe He started  
In this world of sin!

MERIEL F. WILLMOT.

## For Christ's Sake.

### A True Story.

**B**OYS and girls who live in England and other Christian lands know little what it is to *suffer* for serving the Lord Jesus. You may be laughed at sometimes by your school-fellows for refusing to join with some of them in doing what you know is not pleasing to God. This is *hard* for some of you to bear, but it is nothing to what Christians in some lands suffer for His sake.

We have a story to tell you of a little Christian lad; it is a beautiful story, but oh! so sad. He lives in a country where the people know and worship God, but say that the Lord Jesus was only a prophet, and not so great as their prophet Mohammed. When any one in that land becomes a Christian, his life is at once in danger; he is cruelly treated and often poisoned. There is no love, you see, in the Mohammedan religion. But our story is of a little fellow but three years old. Some time ago he became very ill and was taken to the mission hospital, where it was found that he must undergo an operation. He had to stay a long time in the hospital, and heard every day of the Lord Jesus Who died to save us all. As he got better he became a great pet with all in the ward, for he was a dear little fellow. He so enjoyed the hymn-singing, and how he loved to join in the choruses!

The time came for him to go home—not to a home, I am glad to say, where he would never hear again of the Saviour, for his mother is a Christian, who has bravely suffered for her faith. The Christian mother's heart was gladdened to find that her little boy, too, had learned to love the Lord Jesus; and how pleased she must have been to hear him sing those bright choruses, but in her heart she no doubt had a fear that he would be heard by the Mohammedans in the house.

That day came before long; he was overheard singing the dear Name of Jesus, and was angrily told to stop; they threatened to prick his lips with needles if

he sang the Christian hymns again. But this did not stop him, and the threat was carried out; and not until the blood ran down from his lips and the tears from his eyes did the boy give in, saying, "If I cannot, I won't, but I want to all the same!" The dear Christian mother was very distressed at first to see her child suffer, but was comforted afterwards and said that the troubles of Christians there were as nothing to what Christ has suffered for all of us.

We want you to pray for this brave little lad. Ask that he may grow up a true servant of Christ, and, if it should be God's will, by his simple faith lead many to the feet of the Saviour.

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## Tinnevelly Boarding-Schools.

BY MRS. KEMBER.

**I**N Tinnevelly there are several good boarding-schools for boys, and also for girls. The scholars have nice clean schoolrooms, besides other rooms in which to sleep and take their food. These schools are quite near to the village church, and the pupils attend the services on Sunday and the short daily service morning and evening on the weekdays.

Here is a picture (see page 184) of two mission-school boys. They are watering the plants after the great heat of the day is over. The big boy fetches the water from the well in a large *kudam* which he carries on his shoulder. He was born a heathen child, but was baptized with his parents when he was about two years old. After a year or two his mother died a very sad death, and the wicked heathen people in that village took away her dead body at night and burnt it. The father became a leper and he died. The poor boy and one little sister were left alone.

The missionary lady who had taught and loved his mother, now took charge of the orphan boy and sent him to school. Some kind children in England have sent





Two Little Gardeners, South India.

enough money to pay for his food and education every year. We trust they also love him and pray for him. Will you *all* pray that he may be a true child of God?

The other bright little fellow has no father, and his mother lives far away. He has some Christian relatives who love him and care for him. They are poor and could not send him to school, but he has kind little friends in England who pay for him. The other day they sent him a Tamil Bible; it came all that long way by post, and the present gave the boy great pleasure. These proofs of love and acts of self-denial on the part of children at home must be very precious to the loving Saviour, to Whom our Indian boys and girls are very dear. You will all remember what the Lord Jesus says about even a cup of cold water: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me" (St. Luke xxv. 40).

## In the Land of the "Mountains of the Moon."

BY THE REV. T. B. JOHNSON.

"Old things are passing away."

**I**F you wish to see some of the sights in these pictures, you will need to come out here soon or the chance will be gone, for in this country of Toro, in Central Africa, *old things are passing away and many things are becoming new.*

The country is being very rapidly *won for Christ*, for it is only just over seven years ago since Bishop Tucker came here and left behind the first European missionary, the Rev. A. B. Fisher. He is still here, living less than a hundred yards from where I am writing, and as he is hoping to go home on furlough in a few weeks'



A Charm.

time, I hope you may have an opportunity of seeing and hearing him for yourselves. He will be able to tell you how, when he first came, there were not half a dozen Christians, and these had been baptized in the neighbouring country of Uganda, but now there are more than 2,000, and thousands more are reading the Gospel and preparing for baptism.

But I said that old things are passing away, because

a new power has come, for look at these pictures from the Albert Edward Nyanza. In this one of the two canoes, the little one is only a fishing-boat, and there are lots of them, for most of



On the Albert Edward Nyanza.



A War-canoe.

the people by the Lake shore live largely on fish, hurling spears at them with floats attached as they pop their snouts

above water, or trapping them in wicker traps. Sometimes a hippopotamus comes up instead, and they have to be very polite and keep at a distance for fear he should turn the tables on them and crunch up half their canoe in a single mouthful.

But that larger canoe is a much more substantial craft, too tough even for a big-toothed hippo; it is just a single huge tree-trunk, scooped out with knives and hollowed with fire. This is one of the few remaining war-canoes of the savage King Kabarega, who overran this country and



Boatmen, Decayed War-canoe, and Spirit-house.

kept it in awful terror by his cruelty. Whenever he was going on an expedition or journey, or indeed about to do anything which he wanted especially to be successful, you might see a poor peasant crouching outside his gate, and as the king came out, the poor victim's throat was cut as an offering to the evil spirits that they might be pleased at the honour shown to them and help the king in his undertaking. After awhile the British Government took over the country and captured Kabarega and sent him away into exile; and now his people no longer delight in bloodshed, not simply because the Government would prevent them, but God's Holy Spirit has taken out of their hearts the thirst for blood.

On the little island in the Lake to which we had crossed in the canoe, we had just been holding service; about seventy of the islanders had assembled in the little, dark, round church with its low, back-breaking porches and its fifty poles, like a little forest inside, upholding the roof of reeds and thatch.

It is more than a year since I was here before, but Native Christians from the shore, half an hour away, have been coming Sunday by Sunday to teach the people. The old blind chief stayed in his house when I came last year, whilst most of his people ran away to hide, but he brought a good company with him this time to hear the tidings of a Good Shepherd seeking His sheep in the wilderness.

Their singing of the hymns, "Jesus loves me" and "What a Friend we have in Jesus," and others you know so well, was very sweet, quite reminding me of a Welsh or Yorkshire choir at home.

The strange broken piece of tree-trunk, in the lower picture on page 185, is really the decayed end of one of those old war-canoes. We had to plug up the end with plenty of grass to prevent the water coming in too fast, and as it was we had to bale out all the time to keep comfortably afloat.

I don't think you will guess what the little grass house is on the bank. There are about half a dozen of them on the shore of the tiny creek, and they are spirit-houses! The poor boatmen bring little sacrifices of a fowl or food to please

the evil spirits and secure their favour, and you may be sure the witch-priest knows where to look for the offerings.

The odd-looking thing in the next picture, with the string attached to it, came off the leg of one of the boatmen. He had an awful sore on his leg, and the witch-doctor had given him this charm, and another very much like it, with his medicine, to tie on his leg. In the little wooden horn is some clotted blood of the goat which had been offered as a sacrifice.

When I had cleaned his sore and dressed it, and he had heard the preaching, I asked him if he would give me the charms, and he took them off, saying that he knew they couldn't help him, but that he knew that God could.

The father of our native clergyman was a witch-doctor, and very strange are some of the stories he tells, and the way in which his father used to threaten him if he dared tell people any of the tricks.

If any one asks you what the Gospel is doing in the hearts of the people of Toro, you will be able to tell them these two things:—(1) That the fear of evil spirits is giving place to the love of a good Father, and (2) that the thirst for blood (as I showed you at the beginning) is disappearing as they come to love one another as His children.

Don't forget to pray for these people that they may be led on day by day to know Him and to love Him and to serve Him better.

## SCRIPTURE CLOCK COMPETITION.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1903.

*Seniors* to draw a clock and fill in texts.  
*Juniors* to write only the texts, without drawing the clock.

THE WORD FOR DECEMBER—"GLORY."

Twelve texts should be found containing the word "glory," of one, two, three, or more words, as the case may be, to correspond with the numbers on the face of a clock.

Papers, marked outside, "Scripture Clock Competition," should reach the Editor of THE ROUND WORLD, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., on or before December 31st.

(For Rules, see July number.)

# Wanted! One Million Shillings.

<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 1 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 21 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 41 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 61 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 81 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side
<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 2 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 22 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 42 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 62 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 82 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side
<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 3 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 23 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 43 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 63 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 83 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side
<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 4 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 24 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 44 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 64 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 84 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side
<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 5 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 25 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 45 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 65 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side	<b>£50,000 for C.M.S.</b> No. 85 SHILLING 1,000,000 Look on the other side

**I**N the big C.M. House in Salisbury Square there is an office called the Wants Department. That is where our medical missionaries send letters begging for medicine and instruments, and all they want for their hospitals. Boys and girls, as well as grown-up people, help to keep the shelves full, by sending *something*, if only a bandage or an eye-shade.

But now the Society which supplies all these "wants" has *such* a big WANT itself. What is it?

The C.M.S. is obliged to spend on its great family of missionaries and on all its other workers a very large sum of money every year. Last year it had £353,000 given to it to spend. But that was not nearly enough. And if everybody does not give or collect some extra money before March, 1904, as much as £80,000 more will be wanted, and the Society will not be able to send out any new missionaries, and may perhaps even stop some of its work. Hundreds of heathen children, then, will never have one chance of hearing about Gentle Jesus and His love. How terribly sad that would be!

But it need not be. Look at the queer "picture" at the top of this page. What is it? Part of a big collecting-sheet of one hundred small receipts for one shilling, which Dr. Lankester has planned to try to collect a million shillings, so that no missionary work may be stopped. Of course you will want to help. You can

send your own shilling (or more if you can) in stamps or a postal order to Dr. Lankester, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, E.C.; or, better still, ask your Vicar or teacher to write to Dr. Lankester for one of these Million-Shilling Sheets, and do your best to get your friends to help you to collect one hundred shillings.

If each *R. W.* reader will give a shilling, or earn a shilling, or save a shilling, as many as 55,000 out of the million shillings will be raised. Who will be the first to write? Who will promise to pray God to bless the Million-Shilling Fund?

## FOREIGN COMPETITION.

JULY TO DECEMBER, 1903.

(Open to all readers living abroad, EXCLUDING EUROPE.)

Seniors to find references to all the following texts; Juniors to find all except those marked \*.

A crown of life. (Revelation.)

A crown of righteousness. (Epistles.)

A royal diadem. (Major Prophets.)

The brightness of His coming. (Epistles.)

On their heads crowns of gold. (Revelation.)

\*Everlasting joy upon their heads. (Major Prophets.)

\*He shall come to be glorified in His saints. (Epistles.)

\*The things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. (Epistles.)

In thy presence is fulness of joy. (Psalms.)

Papers, marked outside, "Foreign Competition," to be posted to the Editor of THE ROUND WORLD, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., within a month after THE ROUND WORLD has been received.

## MISSIONARY PRIZE COMPETITION. VIII.

### Quarterly Questions on "The Round World."

**A**NSWERS to these questions can all be found in **THE ROUND WORLD** numbers for October, November, and December. Two Prizes will be given in each division for the best sets of answers, which should be given as far as possible in the competitor's own words.

1. What may we learn from the welcome given to the Shah of Persia on his return home?
2. How are elephants used in India?
3. Tell the story of the persecution of a little Christian boy.
4. Why ought a Christian to "walk uprightly"?
5. What are some of the Chinese opinions and customs?
6. Describe the Doll-Festival in Japan.
7. Relate the story of A-K'wong.
8. What do we know about little Fatima?
9. Mention a special answer to prayer, in the life of a Chinese Christian.

Papers should be sent to the Editor of **THE ROUND WORLD**, C.M. House, Salisbury Square, London, E.C., by December 31st, marked outside, "Missionary Prize Competition VIII."

## RESULTS OF MISSIONARY PRIZE COMPETITION.—VI.

### Quarterly Questions on "The Round World."

#### SENIOR DIVISION.

##### FIRST PRIZE.

FREDERICK ALAN HEWITT (aged 14), Tooting, S.W.

##### SECOND PRIZE.

HESTER CLIVE MANN (aged 16), Ditchingham, Norfolk.

##### COMMENDED. (In order of merit.)

Harry Jennings, Ethel M. Mann, Mabel Churchill, (Lucy Garrett, Carrie Millard), (William J. Cavioll, Muriel Pitt), Minnie L. Mayo, (Dorothy V. Banks, Kathleen Rooke, Victoria Rooke), Vivian Smythe, Eileen L. Wells, Joseph Millard, Essie Roe.

#### JUNIOR DIVISION.

##### FIRST PRIZE.

ELLA A. C. MARSH (aged 11), Tunbridge Wells.

##### SECOND PRIZE.

V. C. HORNE (aged 12), Torquay, Devon.

##### COMMENDED. (In order of merit.)

Dorothy M. Sands, D. N. Radford, Vera M. Puckridge, J. May, Harry Warren, Dorothy Smith, (Maggie Millard, Louie Rayner), Madge Wells.

## RESULTS OF FOREIGN COMPETITION.

JANUARY TO JUNE, 1903.

#### SENIOR DIVISION.

##### FIRST PRIZE.

NAOMI ARANUI, Napier, New Zealand.

##### SECOND PRIZE.

NABEEHA HANNA, Bethlehem.

##### HIGHLY COMMENDED. (In order of merit.)

Lydia Baz, Bethlehem; (Victoria Tannoose, Bethlehem; Lilian Tawhai, New Zealand); Hannie Yosif, Bethlehem; (Sada Abood, Lateefe Andonie, Emily Haddad, Lydia Saba, Bethlehem); Wadia Gomri, Adla Koorie, Bethlehem; Msirra Khalif, Naheel Hissen, Nazareth; Nejmie Jerues, Bethlehem; (Allworthy O. Craig, Lagos; Selma Nasr, Bethlehem); (Millie Boydell, New South Wales; Lulu Jamal, Bethlehem; Nejme Mossa, Nazareth; Elvina Oliver, Alert Bay); Bediah Farr, Bethlehem; Dorothy Binns, U.S.A.; (Annie Binns, U.S.A.; Wadiah Kobary, Bethlehem; Victoria Yakumeh, Nazareth); (Raoufi Abdu, Wadiah Jamal, Bethlehem); Caroline Olusola, Esther Bowokale, Oyo; Elsie D. Mears, New South Wales; (Shafcekah Abood, Bethlehem; Nicholas Garrick, Sierra Leone).

#### JUNIOR DIVISION.

##### FIRST PRIZE.

ROSE REAY, Napier, New Zealand.

##### SECOND PRIZE.

KATRINA ABOOD, Bethlehem.

##### HIGHLY COMMENDED. (In order of merit.)

Heni Gemmel, Edith Ferris, New Zealand; Kaukal Mesellum, Bethlehem; (K. M. Boydell, New South Wales; Louie Stubbins, New Zealand); Mannie Nikola, Shamsah Salim, Bethlehem; Erina Panapa, New Zealand; Nasmeen Nasar, Bethlehem; Allen W. Gardiner, George F. Gardiner, New Zealand; Faridi El Moussa, Nabihah Faris, Aleefe Damoone, Nazareth; Brenda Blenkinsop, Alice Cook, Alert Bay; Farha Jád, Naheel Yusif, Lateefe Said, Nazareth.

## REQUESTS for PRAISE and PRAYER.

**PRAISE.**—(1) For God's care of the missionaries as they travel in Persia (pages 179—181). (2) That the fear of evil spirits in Toro is giving place to the love of God (pages 184—186).

**PRAYER.**—(1) That little Fatima may be drawn close to Jesus (pages 177 and 178). (2) That the little boy who has already suffered for Christ's sake may grow up a true Christian and lead many to the Saviour (page 183). (3) That the two Indian orphan boys may become children of God (page 184). (4) That the people of Toro may, day by day, learn to know God, and love and serve Him better (pages 184—186). (5) That God will bless the Million-Shilling Fund (page 187).

LONDON: CHURCH MISSIONARY SOCIETY, SALISBURY SQUARE, E.C.









